VOLUME I

Quadrant

An Australian Quarterly Review

NUMBER 2

Edited by James McAuley

EDITORIAL ADVISORS: Joseph Burke, C. Manning Clark, Roger Covell, J. C. Eccles, A. D. Hope, A. N. Jeffares, Alec King, Leonie Kramer, Wesley Milgate, O. Rapoport

AUTUMN 2 1957

3 Comment

Douglas Stewart 4 The Silkworms

Richard Parkes 5 The Australian Waterfront

Salamon Dembitzer 13 Adventure in New York

Walter James 19 Wineman's Holiday

J. H. Wootten 25 The Orr Dismissal and the Universities

A. E. de Jasay 31 Echoes of the Hungarian Revolution

Noel Monkman 37 Mirabilia

John Greenway 45 Anything Like Waltzing Matilda

C. Hartley Grattan 53 Reflections on Australian History

James McAuley 61 Secret Song

Harry Roskolenko 61 Profession

Rudolph Brasch 63 Jewish Mysticism

Harold Stewart 69 Ode to the Supernal Swan

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn 75 Letter from Austria

May Sumser-Ali 79 Supplication

L. Hirschfeld-Mack 81 The Bauhaus—Its Beginnings

89 Around the Australian Periodicals

91 Reviews

QUADRANT is sponsored by the Australian Committee for Cultural Freedom which is affiliated to the Congress for Cultural Freedom, an international body whose headquarters are in Paris. Statements which are made in QUADRANT, editorially or by contributors, are not to be attributed to the Australian Committee for Cultural Freedom

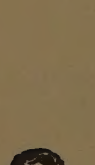
The new M.L.C. office building now being constructed at Victoria Cross, North Sydney.

The Future is Australia's

The progressive development and economic stability of Australia have evoked the admiration of the world. As the "crossroads of the South Pacific" so, too, is its strategic geographical position appreciated by all. Contributing to this position of eminence are speedier travel, democratic thought and full encouragement of private endeavour; all of which determine our prosperity and high living standard, which are assuredly leading Australia to the fast fulfilment of its destiny. In this great national development, the M.L.C. has, for over 70 years, played its helpful part. M.L.C. assets protecting policy-holders exceed £130,000,000, substantially invested in Australian enterprises, its annual income exceeds £22,000,000 and the M.L.C. today provides life assurance protection to over 1,700,000 policy-holders.

The **M.L.C.**

The MUTUAL LIFE and CITIZENS' Assurance Co. Limited



BE WELL ADVISED BY THE M.L.C. MAN

ML 95A/FP.

COMMENT

RIGHT AND LEFT

A NUMBER of people, friendly to our venture or otherwise, have accepted the idea that *Quadrant* is on 'the right'. It may be well to make an observation about this. We are simple enough to think that the primary need in politics is to support the right against what is morally wrong. The tendency of many political ideologies over the last century has been to set above the personal rights and actual wishes of real people some cruel idol (whether placed left, right, or centre), such as The Will of the People, or the omnipotent Nation, or the Master Race, or Historical Necessity. People who do this are not only intellectually in error, they are also morally deranged; and those who enter into complicity with them or fail to oppose them are betraying their responsibility in a civilized community. In this sense we certainly wish to take our stand on the right—as against the wrong. For this reason we are certainly opposed to the chief threat today to civilized life, namely, the Jacobin-totalitarian tradition which from the French Revolution onwards has been the hard core of what is called 'the left'.

But within the bounds of normal civilized politics (where wrongdoing flourishes as a human failing, not on ideological principle) there is always a tension between conservatism and reform, between less and more radical approaches to the unsolved problems of social justice in an industrial society, between the safeguarding of order and the extension of liberty: and to such polarities the terms 'right' and 'left' are sometimes loosely applied. In this sense *Quadrant* does not wish to be exclusively identified with right or left. The editor has always regarded himself as inclining to the radical and libertarian side, though assured from time to time by various people whose opinion he has not sought that he is really nothing but a reactionary clerical-fascist hyena.

In any case, the editor chooses his own path, makes his own comments, and does not commit those well-known and diversely-minded people who have consented to be editorial advisers. Just as they are not interested in binding or limiting the editor in his task, so they are not to be regarded as responsible for the pattern that *Quadrant* assumes as a result of the editor's temperament and the independent activity of contributors.

THE SILKWORMS

Douglas Stewart

All their lives in a box! What generations,
What centuries of masters, not meaning to be cruel
But needing their labour, taught these creatures such patience
That now though sunlight strikes on the eye's dark jewel
Or moonlight breathes on the wing they do not stir
But like the ghosts of moths crouch silent there.

Look, it's a child's toy! There is no lid even,
They can climb, they can fly, and all the world's their tree;
But hush, they say in themselves, we are in prison.
There is no word to tell them that they are free,
And they are not; ancestral voices bind them
In dream too deep for wind or word to find them.

Even in the young, each like a little dragon
Ramping and green upon his mulberry leaf,
So full of life, it seems, the voice has spoken:
They hide where there is food, where they are safe,
And the voice whispers, 'Spin the cocoon,
Sleep, sleep, you shall be wrapped in me soon.'

Now is their hour, when they wake from that long swoon;
Their pale curved wings are marked in a pattern of leaves,
Shadowy for trees, white for the dance of the moon;
And when on summer nights the buddleia gives
Its nectar like lilac wine for insects mating
They drink its fragrance and shiver, impatient with waiting,

They stir, they think they will go. Then they remember
It was forbidden, forbidden, ever to go out;
The Hands are on guard outside like claps of thunder,
The ancestral voice says Don't, and they do not.
Still the night calls them to unimaginable bliss
But there is terror around them, the vast, the abyss,

And here is the tribe that they know, in their known place,
They are gentle and kind together, they are safe for ever,
And all shall be answered at last when they embrace.
White moth moves closer to moth, lover to lover.
There is that pang of joy on the edge of dying—
Their soft wings whirr, they dream that they are flying.

THE AUSTRALIAN WATERFRONT

Richard Parkes

THE waterfront of Australia is perhaps the most exposed and vulnerable part of the political-economic organism. In the first place, the overseas shipowners have been given, through the Australian Overseas Transport Association, a monopoly power specifically protected by legislation to impose on Australian exporters and importers freight rates based on cost-plus formulas which are a major threat to Australia's economic development; and the rates exacted by the firms engaged in interstate and intrastate shipping are also a serious hindrance. The present article is not, however, concerned with this aspect so much as with the waterfront labour situation.

Control of waterfront labour means, as the Communists have demonstrated over the past decade, power to injure Australia's vital external trade and also her interstate trade through strikes and hold-ups, inflated costs, and opposition to efficiency measures. It means power to influence foreign policy as when the Federal Government allowed the Communists to boycott Dutch ships and thus wield a veto over the Government's attitude to Dutch action in Indonesia. It means power to hold up military measures for the defence of the free world as when the Communists refused to load the *Radnor*, which was taking arms to Indo-China: in the event of an attack on this country control of the waterfront by a Red fifth column could be disastrous. It means power over the lives and fortunes of thousands of workers and their families, power over their thoughts and feelings, power in the labour movement and in the political arena. So great is that power that the Arbitration Court has more than once chosen the path of least resistance. Finally—an ominous event whose startling implications have not been sufficiently noticed—we have seen a Liberal-Country Party Government bring down a bill which became law, and then after a three weeks' protest strike by the Waterside Workers' Federation, we have seen the Minister sit down with the Communist leaders and accept as the basis of discussion the Communist demand that an Act which was still the law of the land (and remained so till recently) should be ignored.

The various Australian waterfronts have had a history of turbulence and struggle. Two long strikes, in 1917 and 1928, caused a deterioration in employer-employee relations which

were never good. The shipowners took full advantage of the crushing of the 1928 strike. Those were the 'bull days'. Following the 1928 strike and almost up to the Second World War wharf labourers were engaged from a 'bull ring': a great crowd of wharfies from among whom the biggest and strongest, the 'bulls' were selected to perform the day's work. The rest of the men, being passed over, went home without work. The degrading spectacle of men fighting and vieing with each other for the eye of the man selecting the day's work force was a daily event along the waterfront. To this day Sussex Street in Sydney is known as the 'hungry mile' to all wharfies who recall the days of the 'bull rings'. Naturally, when men did get work they worked hard, because they knew that they would not get picked up again if they did not. Strong unionists, or men of poor physique, or men against whom the foreman had a grudge, did not get work in those days.

This system of labour engagement, together with low wages and insecurity created the current attitude of waterfront workers generally. It facilitated the advent of Communist control of the waterfront unions. It also had the effect of concentrating in the inner city residential areas the majority of waterfront workers.

In 1945 the Communists captured control of the Sydney Branch of the Waterside Workers' Federation, which is the largest Branch in the Union, and they have held it strongly ever since. They have also effectively controlled the Federal Council of the Union. The only large branches which have been under non-Communist control in recent years are Melbourne and Brisbane. Melbourne, however, has fallen back under Communist control, the non-Communist secretary having helped to bring this about by defaulting with Union funds. The Communist Party has worked steadily to secure its grip on the WWF over recent years. Enormous quantities of propaganda are poured out through the official union journals and by well-directed leaflet campaigns. Before the press-and-radio pick-up system broke the contact, the 'bins' or pick-up sheds where the men were herded awaiting their call for the day's work gave the Communists an opportunity for a steady stream of propaganda through loud speakers. The Communist leadership has taken all credit in its propaganda for the improved conditions which have come about since the bad old days. Many of these improvements, however, flowed from legislation brought down by Curtin or Chifley; as for the remainder, the conditions of wharf labourers were so depressed that any union leader of average ability would have won improvements.

The Communist Party also made sure that any opposition was silenced promptly, or so smeared by their propaganda machine that the rank and file were afraid to associate themselves actively with it. Ambitious men in the union were won away from the ALP Industrial Group to the side of the Communist Party by being given jobs in the union or by being placed on the Communist ticket and thus being elected to office in the union. Personal pressures and threats counted for something also. Some of the most active supporters of the Communist Party in the WWF were once prominent in the ranks of their opposition.

The brains and personality of Healy, the General Secretary, built the Communist machine along the waterfront. He did not make the same mistakes as his counterparts in other unions, such as Thornton, Hughes and Brown. He did not turn the unions into the sole preserve of Communists. By not doing so, he made it all the more effective a medium of Communist influence. There has always been a sprinkling of representatives who were not CP members on his executives. (The Seamen's Union recently illustrated the same technique in the Sydney Branch: the Communist Assistant Secretary did not stand for re-election but made room for an ALP member. This also fits of course into the pattern of 'unity' arrangements, open or disguised, now common in the industrial sphere between the CP and the ALP). Healy's strength lies partly in this avoidance of the 'left-sectarian' tendencies of many other Communist union bosses. The result is that many avowedly anti-Communist members of the union say: 'I don't like the Coms., but Healy is a good bloke'. On the other hand, the greatest weakness of the Communist machine is its dependence on him. Attempts to build up new personalities and understudies have failed. The rumoured departure in March this year of Healy to the Soviet Union for medical treatment for a serious condition leaves the leadership weakened by a struggle amongst the four contending princes for the vacant throne.

The Communist machine on the waterfront operates on two levels, the job and the locality, taking advantage of the fact that the majority of waterfront workers still live in waterfront suburbs. The Sydney Branch of the WWF provides a good example of their organization. The 260 odd current members of the party in the branch are divided into five groups on a locality basis: Pyrmont, Balmain, Glebe, Woolloomooloo and City. These groups can cover the waterfront on a locality basis as well as combine to form the fraction within the Union. Recruiting, dissemination of propaganda, organizing, raising of finance, can all be done on two levels and the maximum coverage thus obtained.

The inner waterfront suburbs in most large ports contain slum areas. If one bears in mind the industry's record of poverty and embittered relations, it is little wonder that a well-financed and astutely-led Communist Party has entrenched itself so well since the depression. The Communists have taken advantage of the vice and crime rings in the ports. As was revealed by Sharpley, the Victorian organiser who left the party, the Communists ensure that certain of their key men maintain contact with thug and criminal elements in the community for party purposes. This is especially true of their waterfront organization.

The bad conditions that have existed in the inner-city industrial areas have also weakened the influence of the Christian Churches. Those whose religion has survived the strain are better men and women than most, but many others fall easy prey to cynicism or organized atheism. Christian leaders have so far failed to provide on the waterfront the same inspiration for opposition to Communism as in other industries.

One of the worst aspects of the Christian failure is illustrated by the Maltese migrant community in Sydney. Many of them have settled in the near-waterfront area of East Sydney and a big proportion of them are waterside workers. Despite the fact that they are Catholics, with a proud heritage of Christian culture, almost to a man they support the Communists in the waterfront unions and are a solid major element in Healy's majorities. How has this happened? When they reach this country they are taken in hand by certain operators working within their own community who are either members of or in close touch with the Communist Party. They are found a dwelling-place and a waterfront job and admitted into a Communist union which looks after them both at home and on the job. Australian conditions are paradise compared with their homeland and they tend to regard the Communist Party as fairy godmother, dispensing all these benefits. The Maltese Clubs are infiltrated with party workers. The party is careful never to attack the religion of the Maltese, but it fosters the anti-clericalism which is rife amongst them. The virtual capture of this Maltese vote is one of the least known and most important successes of the Healy organization.

Opposition to Communist control, by ALP Industrial Groups or other elements, has not been entirely ineffective, in spite of the difficulties. The Sydney Mechanical Branch of the WWF is under non-Communist control (though now threatened); Newcastle, Brisbane, Adelaide, Fremantle, Hobart and some small branches are also free. The ballot by which the Industrial

Group team in Melbourne lost control of that branch in 1954 was the subject of an action in court—the system of balloting in the union, by voting on the job, lends itself to abuses—but the proceedings were later abandoned.

However, the main fact about the opposition to Communism in the waterfront unions is simple and seldom mentioned. Even before the Industrial Groups were outlawed by the strangely constituted Hobart Federal Conference of the ALP in 1955, they operated within the ALP on sufferance only, with very little real help and a great deal of open or disguised enmity from the political leaders. Had the political leaders of the ALP at any stage said that Communism must be ousted from the waterfront and come down to lead and endorse a real campaign, Communist power would have vanished. Instead of such action, the ALP political leadership has too often seemed ready to accept Communist control as a permanent fact, and even, especially since 1954, to act inside and outside Parliament as advocate for Communist interests. Neither the bad conditions of the past nor Communist organization nor Healy's brains and personality are the real reason for Communist strength, which seems so impregnable and is nevertheless so fragile: the secret of that strength is the failure of ALP leaders now and in the past to make their professed anti-Communism a reality. Unfortunately that failure seems likely to be permanent.

In order to understand the detail of waterfront affairs it is necessary to grasp that unionism on the waterfront is different from unionism in other industries. Unions are more needed here than elsewhere. They are also more powerful than in other industries, because one has to be a unionist to work on the waterfront. They exercise a greater potential for good or evil than do other unions because of the hold they have over the industry and the men who work in it. In bad hands they can be instruments of a tyranny that is virtually above the law. A man who is in bad standing in his union is in bad standing on the waterfront. This fact must be appreciated before one can understand the fear that is general in Communist unions on the waterfront. Men shy away from a man who has been branded by the Communists as a scab or bosses' man or Grouper. To go to court to remedy a wrong is a course most men on the waterfront would look on as suicidal. The Communist campaign against the Arbitration Court has been so successful that to date no strictly waterfront union has had an election conducted under the Act.

The unions can be divided for purposes of description into two main classes: maritime and waterfront.

There are five Federal maritime unions: the Seamen's Union, the Stewards' Union, the Marine Cooks, the Merchant Service Guild, and the Marine Engineers. The Seamen's Union is the largest and is under Communist control. Physical and moral intimidation of opponents is especially easy in this union and accordingly more frequently indulged. The union-run pick-up provides a powerful threat to any of the rank and file who may wish to criticize the Communists. Every large vessel has its Communist cell, which may contain members of the other four unions. Non-Communist members of the Seamen's Union are fearful of going to sea on certain ships on which the Communist Party has strong cells. Some few years ago a bad case of coercion in this union came to public notice in the Arbitration Court and evoked much comment on the waterfront, not with regard to the victimization but with regard to the foolhardiness of the man who brought the case to Court. The other maritime unions, the Stewards', Cooks', Guild, and Engineers' Unions, are not under Communist control; but because the Seamen's Union is used as a springboard into them they are under constant Red pressure. The cells on the ships are used to spread Communist propaganda through the whole ship, and on every ship all five maritime unions are represented.

Of the waterfront unions, properly speaking, the largest is the WWF, which has already been described. Through its local and industrial cells it can be used as a springboard for penetration into other waterfront unions such as the Coal Lumpers, Foremen Stevedores, Painters and Dockers, Bridge Carpenters, Coxwains, Firemen and Deckhands, as well as some other unions such as the Clerks, Ironworkers, Storemen and Watchmen, which have waterfront sections.

Of these unions the Ship Painters and Dockers is under Communist control federally, although the large N.S.W. Branch is not. The other unions, although under constant Communist pressure, are not under Communist control. There is a long story of Communist intrigue and intimidation over the last decade to subvert and control these unions.

The Communist Party recognizes the limited efficacy of open physical violence. This error in the early days only made martyrs of those who were assaulted, and bred a reaction against the party. The bashing of Short and De Launay in the Ironworkers' Union harmed the Communist cause immensely. The party now realizes that character assassination is a more potent weapon against their opponents. It is also more cruel. 'The big roast', in waterfront jargon, is far more feared by men on the waterfront

than the loss of a few teeth. The double edge of the red waterfront sword (in the locality and on the job) is of great assistance in hacking a man's character and therefore his effectiveness to pieces. 'X is a scab' on the walls around the waterfront—similar slogans on the footpath outside the victim's waterfront tenement house—a whisper campaign of slander—men cutting him on the job—men refusing to drink with him—neighbours and workmates alike all shunning him: that is the method. Picture what happens to that man if he should get up at a mass meeting of the union and try to move some resolution against the Communist Party. This man is stripped of his good character and discredited, and so is his resolution and everything he stands for. The Communist pack howls him down; and good men who would like to support his resolution remain silent or even join in the infectious mob-hatred of him. This has been the experience of everyone who has endeavoured to stand up to the Communist controllers of the WWF. After a little of this most men are broken and give up.

Is the position therefore hopeless? Not at all. The complex of problems on the waterfront requires a complex of reforms directed to different aspects, which can be suggested under the following heads:

Humanization: Concurrently with other reforms must go further progress in the 'debrutalization' of the waterfront: better human relations in the industry and better social conditions where the workers live.

Decasualization: Some progress has been made towards giving men security and regularity of employment. Government-controlled pick-up centres ensure that work is evenly shared. Attendance money is paid, and the men get sick pay, annual holidays, and holiday pay. But decasualization must be hastened as much as possible, because every step forward in ensuring a contented worker is a step away from Communist exploitation.

Mechanization: The full mechanization of the waterfront is overdue. By this means the work force could be reduced by one-third, which would be absorbed in other industries. Wharves and approaches would have to be modernized in the process and thus become cleaner and safer places in which to work.

Communism: Communist control can and must be broken. Already there are signs that the Healy reign could end in confusion. Since the Hungarian massacre rank-and-file resistance to Communist propaganda has noticeably increased. Given proper leadership the rank and file could desert their present Red leaders. But it is not only from within the union that a

change must come. Employers must aim for the removal of the mutual suspicion which has poisoned the industry and try to achieve a closer relationship. Port authorites must help by providing improved conditions and amenities. In the political wing of the labour movement a solution must be found for the failure or worse of labour leadership, for it is on that basis that Communist strength has grown. The Churches and Christian leadership must penetrate the milieu and nerve men for the struggle against evil. Lastly, the Federal Government has a duty to the nation to decide that there shall be an end to appeasement tactics towards Communist officials; and it must ensure that the union ballot box is placed beyond the manipulation of Communists and honestly used.

General Attitudes: It would be wrong to leave the impression that all that is needed is to get rid of the Communists and get the union into the hands of non-Communist leaders. This would not necessarily solve the basic problems of harmony and efficiency in the industry. The difficulty about so much of the non-Communist leadership or potential leadership is that its attitudes are controlled by class-war sentiments which hardened under the rigours of the depression in the 'thirties. They find it difficult to grow beyond the simple and inadequate stock of ideas and phrases which that period left them with, and few of them could lead the members towards a more realistic and contemporary assessment of the problems of unionism and social progress. They would easily succumb to the temptation to think and act as if the accumulated resentments of the past against the employers and the government absolved them from any responsibility towards the community. Only a leadership capable of reacting in a fresh and intelligent way to the needs and opportunities of the present will be of much use. This is not, of course, a deficiency confined to the waterfront. The same false depression-dominated perspective exists in other unions in varying degrees, and it is evident in the archaic and barren mentality of Federal Labor leaders. On the other hand, people do to some extent educate themselves in action and pick up new ideas when they need them in the course of the struggle, and there is thus some hope of an improvement in outlook once an effective movement for better union control is set in motion.

The waterfront is an industry economically and militarily vital to Australia. It is an industry in agony. Something must be done about it; and quickly.

Richard Parkes

ADVENTURE IN NEW YORK

Salamon Dembitzer

OUTSIDE a big department store, a score or more of shopgirls, all made up to the nines, all looking exactly alike, were standing around chattering.

Jeremiah Asra walked up to one of them, who was standing slightly apart from the group, and said, 'I realize that in the US one shouldn't speak to a lady without being introduced. But this is a quite exceptional case—in fact, I'm willing to offer a diamond ring—and twenty-five bucks thrown in—for the privilege. How about coming to a bar and having one?'

'But why not? Where else could we go to have a chat?'

Soon they were sitting in a bar, one of the dreariest on the face of the globe.

'Just take a look at this ring', Asra blurted out, 'maybe it's worth two grand or more. Anyway, it's yours if you don't mind staying around with me for a while.'

'Don't you think you should come home with me and have a word with my mother? She'd be ever so pleased.'

'Why on earth?' replied Asra. 'I already know your parents, your brothers and sisters, and I know in advance exactly what they would say.'

'Do you mean to say that you have had your eye on me for some time?' asked the girl, who was about twenty-six years old and obviously bewildered. 'I had no idea.'

'And why should you?' Asra retorted. 'I've never seen you in my life before. It's just pure chance; I might as easily have picked out one of your workmates. All I know is that your pretty red lips are as artificially adequate as theirs; I know, too, that once one has met one of you, one has met the lot. So it doesn't matter a hoot which of you one picks on. My only problem is how to get rid of this ring. What's it to be, Scotch or gin?'

'Doesn't matter much,' the girl answered. 'But tell me, why won't you come and meet my mother?'

'Because your revered Mamma is as distasteful to me as your respected Pappa, your brothers and sisters—or you yourself for that matter. All I'm concerned with is getting rid of this ring, just that and nothing else.'

'So your intentions are anything but serious?' she quizzed. 'And, anyway, they're expecting me home to supper, and I have to go out to the movies afterwards.'

'Yes, I know all that,' replied this odd character. 'But all we're concerned with at the moment is my desire to get rid of this ring and of twenty-five dollars.'

By this time the girl was quite out of her depth and looked in amazement at her strange companion. Nervously she asked, 'Are you an Englishman? Are you looking for a wife?'

'I'm already over seventy,' came the reply. 'If I had been fifty years younger, I would certainly have gone home with you and asked to be allowed to court you—you, or some other girl whose path had just crossed mine. As it is, all we're concerned with is this ring, which may be paste for all I know and not worth a dollar. I really haven't an idea. Care for another drink?'

'Why not?' she smiled. 'I must say, nothing like this has ever happened to me before. Tell me, where do you work?'

'I'm manager of one of the biggest firms of morticians in New York. We only bury the very best people, three hundred or more a day. Of course, you wouldn't realize that as you walk along the city streets. It doesn't dawn on most people that death exists in the middle of life. All I'm thinking about at the moment is this ring. Did you ever hear of Hamlet, or of Job? . . . No, they weren't Americans, but both very decent chaps for all that. Hamlet had to experience much mental strife, Job much suffering. Yes, I buried them, too. Did you ever hear of Suschan de Megillah?'

'But of course,' the girl answered, 'wasn't she Miss America? Now that really is something, and I believe she came from very humble beginnings.'

'I assure you,' said Asra, 'she is nothing at all. Every day we bury or cremate hundreds of people, as the case may be, and it is only then that you realize that nobody is anything but flesh, dried-up wretched flesh. It was myself who laid Rockefeller and Morgan so deep in the earth that they will never get out of it again. And there are thousands of people still running around today, people of real importance in the scheme of things, whom sooner or later I shall bury or cremate. One human body produces as much ash as ten cigarettes, or twelve cigarettes if it was exceptionally fat, but that's the limit. Every day I smoke the equivalent of four sizeable human beings. I was born in Addis Ababa, in Abyssinia. "Where's that?" you ask. Well, just about half way between Coney Island and New Zealand. The Emperor Menelik was my godfather. I had my own slaves and lived a pretty good life. Now here I am in the USA, and life is just as good. At the moment, though, I find it a bit disturbing that the bar should be wobbling so and the lamps swinging to and fro.

Hadn't you noticed it? Why do the people have to make such a shindy with their laughter and chatter? Still, however loud they laugh, sooner or later I shall bury them just the same. It's just a question of time. Fundamentally, of course, we are all simply Time, you and I and all these other people here. Time betrays itself by the wrinkles in our faces, the hair in our ears and all those other things. I'll tell you, if only yearning was not illegal in this country, I'd be yearning here and now for a European girl who had never set foot on American soil, a girl who didn't know the meaning of dances, of movies, or marriage. There are some whom I left behind over there who still wonder in their dreams when I will come back. What answer can I give them? But don't be impatient, have another cocktail, it'll do you good. I'm not very accustomed to these drinks, but you're an American, that's different, isn't it? I've just finished an hour of Catholic instruction, and that's reason enough for me to avoid all churches in future. The theatre's more worthwhile; there one does at least know that the actors are real. Have you ever seen Peer Gynt? . . . No, he's not a boxer. But I forgot to tell you the most important thing of all. Do you realize that this suit I'm wearing cost sixty dollars, my shoes at least eighteen. Have you ever seen such expensive shoes before? Just feel my tie, heavy silk, isn't it? You don't imagine one could buy a tie like that for two dollars, do you? No, not a cent under seven fifty. Just look at that fantastic pattern of gaudy flowers and animals, proof in itself of the best American taste; all this kind of thing costs money. And as for my shirt . . . No, what I wanted to tell you was that every day I get given thousands of pieces of jewellery, by the survivors of course. After a woman has been buried, her husband comes along and says emotionally: "Mr. Asra, it really was a beautiful funeral. Thank you so much." To which I reply: "Don't mention it, please. I've simply been doing my job." "But no, you placed her so specially deep in the ground, my mind is at rest." "All our clients get exactly the same treatment, the regulation six feet, not an inch more nor an inch less. After all, business is business." Thereupon the man pulls something out of his pocket and says: "These were her ear-rings. What shall I do with them now? I don't want anything to remind me of her." I shrug my shoulders, as much as to say that that is no concern of mine. But the man presses them into my hand and says: "Please, I would like you to have them as a memento." That explains why I already have thousands of brooches, rings and necklaces, all of which I chuck into a box when I go home at night. I already have three trunks full. If ever I were to turn them into cash, I

could buy up half Fifth Avenue,—or perhaps even go on a trip to Florida with you or some other girl. Do you know what happened to me a few weeks ago? A woman had been brought to us for cremation . . . the whole ceremony only lasted a bare twenty minutes. The other mourners went on their way, but the widower stayed where he was and began to cry. "What ever's the matter with you," I asked in astonishment, "a man of your age? Anyway, this is no place for tears. You can easily go home and cry your heart out, if that's what you want to do, but the management here doesn't like people to behave as you are doing." "I have been so blissfully happy with her for three years," sobbed the man, with tears pouring down his face. "That's just what I thought," I replied. "If you had lived with her for ten years, you'd either have been home by now or back on the job. It's mostly old people whom we bury." "But what did they do to her in there?" cried the widower. "Is she really just a heap of ash?" "What else do you expect? If she weighed more than two hundred pounds, she would make as much ash as twelve cigarettes." "I simply can't grasp it," he replied. "Please don't make a scene here," I said, hoping to calm him. "Don't you know that man's prescribed life cycle is ashes to ashes, dust to dust? Even multimillionaires get cremated here. We are a first-class firm, correct, dependable, and with an excellent reputation." As the man still didn't go away, I had to be a bit more outspoken: "Don't you have to earn your living? How many more hours are you going to stand there crying? There's a boom on in New York at present; if you are a baker or a carpenter, you're losing two dollars an hour. I'm beginning to wonder whether you're an American at all." "No, I'm not," stammered this bunch of misery, "but only four days ago she was still kissing me." "That's just what I thought," I shouted at him, "no American would behave like that. Please don't spoil our business. Do you see that long row of hearses? Those are all corpses awaiting burial or cremation. Please make it snappy!"

The well-dressed girl shuddered in revulsion. 'That's horrible,' she said, looking at her watch.

'Must you go already?' asked Asra. 'What about this ring, don't you want it? All right then, I said I'd spend twenty-five bucks, so far I've only got rid of four. Do you want to go on drinking, or shall I simply give you the balance? Incidentally, the bar has stopped wobbling, and the lamps are no longer swinging to and fro.'

The girl made no reply, from which Asra drew the conclusion that he had better give her the money.

He pressed the little hoard into her white hand, and as he walked with her to the subway, he said: 'You're no worse than the rest of them. In fact I'm inclined to think that you are better than most, though I have no proof of it.'

'My fiancé is in the army, and my name is Heda.'

'Have you really got a fiancé?' asked Asra in amazement. 'I thought you were not averse to the idea of marrying me, weren't you?'

'I wouldn't mind,' said Heda, 'for I simply don't know whether my fiancé will come back, and I'm already twenty-six.'

'If that's really the case,' said her companion, 'please take this ring as well. At all events it's worth at least another dollar, and that's always something.'

Hastily she took the ring and disappeared down the subway.

Salamon Dembitzer

In Support of Quadrant

CASSELL & Co. LTD.

Publishers in all Fields
of Literature
for Over a Century

¶ **Branches and Representatives throughout the Free World**

NO SHAREHOLDERS

ALL PROFITS BELONG TO THE POLICY HOLDERS

Total Assets £34,000,000

The City Mutual Life is a purely mutual society. It belongs to 137,000 Australians who enjoy the protection, security and benefits of City Mutual policies.

SAVINGS FROM INCOME TAX. Don't pay away in income tax money that could be securing the assurance benefits you need. Remember, you can set aside up to £300 yearly in premiums and claim it as an outright deduction for taxation purposes. This means that £300 of your income is tax free.

PROBATE ASSURANCE. Recognising the fact that death duties (which must be paid in cash before heirs can inherit) often make estates virtually worthless, and cause undue hardship to those left behind, City Mutual offers a policy which immediately provides the cash and allows the assets to go unencumbered to the heirs.

There is a City Mutual policy to meet every need, no matter how small or great. As a thoughtful reader, you will enjoy delving further into the facts, so why not phone, call personally, or write to the City Mutual. You may easily find yourself more comfortably and securely situated, and a great deal happier about the future.

THE CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

Incorporated in New South Wales, 1878

HEAD OFFICES:

N.S.W.: City Mutual Building,
60-66 Hunter Street, Sydney.
Telephone: BW 2021

Q'LAND: City Mutual Building,
307 Queen Street, Brisbane.
Telephone: FA 2371

W.A.: City Mutual Building,
62 St. George's Terrace, Perth.
Telephone: BF 1451

VIC.: City Mutual Building,
459 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Telephone: MB 2561

S.A.: City Mutual Building,
113 King William Street, Adelaide.
Telephone: LA 4831

TAS.: City Mutual Building,
22 Elizabeth Street, Hobart.
Telephone: B 2504

WINEMAN'S HOLIDAY

Walter James

SYDNEY-BORN Mary Beauchamp, who outlived two titled husbands and won fleeting fame with a book called *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, is described as having been a warm-hearted and well-disposed woman but one who retained all her long life that touch of earthy commonsense which the unperceptive call cynicism. She had a private hideout in the south of France and over its entry was the legend, 'Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away'. Mary Beauchamp had the right idea, I was thinking last night as I watched Australia's dim coastline from an Italian ship picking its way primly down Port Phillip Bay, bound for Genoa non-stop but for oil at Aden. I cherish the warmest affection for those whom I am leaving, but am quite happy at my leaving them. So, it is possible, are they.

But to my daily chore—learning Italian. It seems to be a sensitive language, one good to live with: my after-breakfast labours with the dictionary are refreshed with pregnant meanings. *Sciupatella*: a girl beginning to go wrong. *Baffona*: a woman with a not unpleasing moustache. *Placca*: a metallic badge; a syphilitic rash. *Cavaliere*: a knight. *Cavaliere d'industria*: a sharper, swindler. They are good on their English interpretations, too. *Blooming*: lo stesso ma meno che bloody (the same as, but less than, bloody).

I wish I liked their drinks as well. There's Cynar, reputed to be made from fermented globe artichokes and reputed to be good for the liver. It looks and tastes like muddy water. There's Rocca, which is bitter-sweet but mostly sweet, and there's Carpano, 'the king of the vermouths', so they tell me, which is like Rocca with a toothpaste aftertaste. And there's Bitter Campari, which just gets by with a dash of sodawater. There is also beer which makes me fat, whisky which gives me indigestion, and a native brandy with a drainpipe bouquet. Courage!

Their table wines are more rewarding. Besides the well-tried and too-familiar Chianti and Orvieto, there's Friesa, supposed to taste of raspberries (why is it that every wine is supposed to taste of some fruit other than the one it's made from?), Gragnano from Vesuvius, Italy's effort at a burgundy, Freciarossa, like a light Bordeaux, and red Corvo from Sicily, comforting rather than distinguished. Alcamo and Soave for hot-weather whites, the former with a hint of vanilla in the aftertaste.

Florence. What moving beauty, and what Oriental nastiness. Narrow streets and narrow pavements spattered with spittle. Gather your garments. Men are hawking all around you. The old city is close-built, with few gardens; and everyone keeps a dog. Port Said was much cleaner. Yet the Italians, I am told defensively, really are more civilized than the Arabs: they shave twice a week! The Florentine women in their sombre black are unbelievably beautiful, nearly all of them. Hard indeed to account for these regional variations. In Florence, beautiful girls, scrubby men. In Rome, youths like gods, women—well, after all, they're good cooks.

In the shadow of the tall and scornful Palazzo Vecchio a polished motor ambulance ineffectively menaced by Cellini's Perseus fills the square with the songs of Madame Butterfly and Traviata. It is a mobile blood bank. Inside, two film-star nurses awaiting custom sit on the bunks and drink espresso coffee. Indeed, everyone seems to be drinking it, almost stiff with sugar, all day long. Aproned waiters take it across the street from cafe to office with a little tin lid to keep it hot. The rows and rows of bottled wines and spirits which you may buy in any quantity at any time from the corner fruiterer clutter the shelves neglected. (Are Australian liquor restrictions designed to keep up an interest that might equally flag?)

The Italians seem to drink beer only on hot days and then not very much, though it's a great deal cheaper than ours. To meet the competition of the espresso machines—and Coca Cola!—the Italian vignerons are making their wines lighter. They have taken the firm grip out of Chianti and are grooming Valpolicella and Lacryma Christi into *rosés* for the ladies!

Rome has gone to pieces. Noisy, meretricious, vulgar, it has become the favoured nesting place of fashion queens, cinema producers and legations. The narrow streets seethe with lethally-moving cars, every second one carrying a diplomatic number plate. What conceivable purpose do all these costly diplomats serve? They themselves get embarrassed when you ask them. I spend my only enjoyable morning up among the laurels of the Borghese Gardens, watching little children for a few lire hiring for their morning's amusement bicycles, tricycles, scooters and pedal motor cars. A great saving to parents' pockets and flat-space. Lunch at Massimo's, cash a cheque at the Bank of the Holy Ghost, and take the rapido south to Naples.

But I grow tired of these noisy, traffic-raddled cities. They are not Italy—not my Italy. So a leap in the dark, to Forio, on the coast of Ischia. And what a leap! Ischia, in the Bay of

Naples, is the island where they grow the white wine marketed under the name of Capri, and Forio is one of the smaller and unfashionable ports whence it is shipped to the mainland. Capri itself is now mere Coney Island; seven ferryboats full of happy trippers go there every day, eating tomatoes and being abundantly seasick. But Forio is still Italy. I sit outside Maria's cafe in the tree-shaded piazza, drinking vermouth or a bottle of white wine (eighteenpence the bottle) and watch the wine-growers coming down from the hills with narrow carts, made for narrow tracks, loaded with 44-litre barrels, and drawn by donkeys, by mules occasionally, or by themselves. They are poor. Their breakfast and their lunch is a roll spiced with garlic or chopped onion, and evidence suggests that many of their rubble houses lack lavatories. But their poverty is not the crowded poverty of Naples; the stone-walled roads are free of litter; there is no squalid, rained-on hen tied with string to the door jamb. There are no newspapers. Their marriages and their deaths are made known to one another by handbills pasted on the walls, the former in terms of seraphic joy, the latter of soul-consuming grief. Each bill carries a 20-lire revenue stamp.

Maria is proud of her cafe and of her cleanliness and flicks her dishcloth with volleys of vigorous Italian at the little dogs who trot up to lift a leg against her tables and chairs. From a Penguin book in her apron pocket she hands out torn, grubby notes in change: the 25-lire from chapter one, the 50-lire from chapter two, and so on. She cannot read, and is honest.

Three or four English artists do a lot of work at Maria's, but the real artist of the village is the hairdresser. He snips a bit off, stands back with head cocked aside like a questioning bird, snips a bit more, and when he is satisfied with my head sets to work on my ears and nostrils. I believe with a little encouragement—but let us not pursue the matter. He does not use clippers.

'Vieni a pranzo, signor!' It is Giovanna calling from the balcony that my luncheon is ready. Plain, simple food. Cooked to perfection. Though sometimes a little unusual. A favourite starter is thin soup with a poached egg floating in it. Not very successful. Then either spaghetti or the spinach-flavoured green tagliatelli, a slice of veal—only one slice since meat is costly—with small globe artichokes fried in peanut oil. Last winter's frosts killed three million olive trees, so there's little olive oil in the kitchens these days. Cheese in perfection, and always fruit. Giovanna waits on me with much respect, for I sometimes order foreign wine—imported from distant Tuscany—at an extra ninepence the bottle. Idle days go idly by.

And now Spain. A bedroom in Seville looking down three or four stories into a chasm, once a mule track, twelve feet wide. Cars dash up and down it; pedestrians scatter before brake-and-horn drivers. On the flat roof of the bank opposite the caretaker keeps six hens and a rooster. Around the corner on the Plaza Nueva little girls starched to stiffness play decorously under the eyes of nurses starched to rigidity. But in spite of starch Nature still rules, and feeling one of her minor urges the young infantas simply squat on the white marble pavement there and then. Starch, they find, simplifies some things. At eight they are taken home to their dinner. Ours will be at ten. A few old gentlemen in flat-topped hats linger over an aperitif. At eleven the ladies of joy come into possession of the square. Less decorous, less starched.

In the torture-haunted cathedral a priest kneels before an apple-cheeked Virgin offering prayers in adoration. After a time he pauses, fishes under his vestments for a remarkably dirty bandanna and blows his nose with great satisfaction. As the echoes die away in the columned dimness he resumes the gestures of adoration. The crowd bob and cross themselves.

The chattering Sunday morning communicants pour into the bright sun after service, scatter among the pavement cafes, put their missals on the table before them and clap hands for drinks. Most of them have cerveza—beer—or sherry. The sherry they drink, at fourpence a glass, is drier than ours. The quality is very high indeed. With each glass the waiter brings the tapis—an appetiser of olives, cheese, sausage, prawns or small brown snails to be sucked from the shell. There is no charge for these.

Luncheon is at three, and after siesta eight or ten bulls will be slaughtered at the Plaza de Toros with ballet-like grace.

Spanish workers feed better than the Italian and drink more wine, which is cheap and good. Coffee is costly and bad. The Spaniards, like the Italians, grow an enormous quantity of wine, and, like the Italians, they have come to treat it as casually as bread. They call for white or red—blanco or tinto; they drink what is put before them and there's an end. If you want something better you can get it in both countries, but you have to scratch around a bit.

Overland, through cork-tree forests and wheatfields, to Lisbon. An attractive port, a bit picture-postcardy with its stepped streets, its barefooted fisherwomen doing the town rounds with baskets on their heads, its enormous fruit and flower market where the vendors refresh the banks of egg-size strawberries by filling their mouths with water and giving the fruit a fine spray.

There are a few pavement cafes, but they're not very lively, for the Portuguese are strangers to the charm of the aperitif hour. There is the everlasting coffee, Brazilian and very good, but beside that nothing beyond beer, unpleasantly sweet vermouths and port. Since British customs duties have confined port to the wealthy (four shillings a glass in the London local now!), the Oporto growers have been persuading their fellow-countrymen to whet their appetites on it. And, horrible to say, with success.

Meals—the native Lisboan sort—have notes of originality. You find on your table two or three plates turned upside down and a glass also upside down. These are righted and filled in turn with fried fish with black olives and lettuce, an omelette or fried eggs with raw smoked bacon, a slice of veal or mutton and potato, and fruit. The glass is filled with red wine, often free and usually a bit heavy. A one-third admixture of water is usual.

Postscript for the Vulgar Heart. We can't help it; God made us so, and when walking in strange places it can be a matter of some moment. In Italy be guarded, for there is a nice distinction to master. The plural of Signor is Signori; the plural of Signora is Signore. So you've only an I and an E to make your way clear. In some cities and for lesser occasions the point does not arise. The city fathers of Florence, provide in all the minor streets a sort of hole in the wall. There is sometimes a small sheet of iron on either side to prevent one's being incommoded by the crowd, and sometimes another overhead that one may not be distracted should it rain; a thoughtful touch. In Spain we are no longer signori but are become caballeros—a step up, I think. William Beckford tells us that in the days of his Spanish travels it was forbidden (1) to pass a priest without raising one's hat, and (2) to make water in sight of a cross. The first injunction has been abandoned. The Spanish bodegas, which ladies of the better sort do not much frequent, have usually the most blatant of arrangements, but elsewhere one goes to places underground which are discreet but well-proclaimed, and there one relaxes in conversation with some cleanly-aproned women who upon a fine day may be seen sitting at the top of her tiled staircase taking the air and watching the slow-flowing Tagus or Guadalquivir. Portugal is a mystery; one seeks and seeks and finally is driven into a hotel. It is in England that these things are managed best, with British bluntness: one recalls that signpost in Cornhill which points 'To the Mansion House, Bank of England, *and* Public Conveniences'.

Walter James

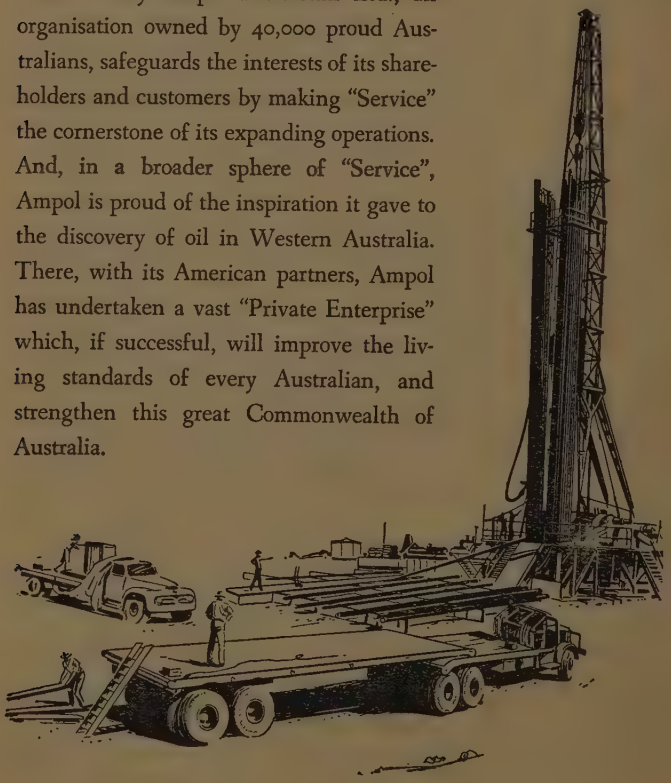
Enterprise . . .

It is easy for the cynical and the indolent to query just how much real enterprise there is in "Private Enterprise".

But for competitive "Private Enterprise" to prosper, it must serve the public and in turn serve the nation.

That is why Ampol Petroleum Ltd., an organisation owned by 40,000 proud Australians, safeguards the interests of its shareholders and customers by making "Service" the cornerstone of its expanding operations.

And, in a broader sphere of "Service", Ampol is proud of the inspiration it gave to the discovery of oil in Western Australia. There, with its American partners, Ampol has undertaken a vast "Private Enterprise" which, if successful, will improve the living standards of every Australian, and strengthen this great Commonwealth of Australia.



THE ORR DISMISSAL AND THE UNIVERSITIES

J. H. Wootten

ONE aspect of the dismissal of Professor Orr from the University of Tasmania (on which nothing turns in his pending appeal to the High Court) deserves early comment. Leaving the merits of the case entirely one cannot but be struck by the prevalence of the attitude, amongst academics no less than others, that the Orr affair does not raise for consideration any issue of academic freedom. In effect, it is put, nobody attempted to interfere with Professor Orr's freedom to teach or publish what he saw fit; he was merely accused of certain acts of moral delinquency inconsistent with the office of professor, and the mode of dealing with these accusations does not touch academic freedom, whatever else may be involved.

I would like to draw attention to the standard statement of the nature and conditions of academic freedom from the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*: 'Academic Freedom is the freedom of the teacher or research worker in higher institutions of learning to investigate and discuss the problems of his science and to express his conclusions, whether through publication or in the instruction of students, without interference from political or ecclesiastical authority, or from the administrative officials of the institution in which he is employed, unless his methods are found by qualified bodies of his own profession to be clearly incompetent or contrary to professional ethics.'

This definition will probably excite little disagreement. My emphasis is on a later passage in the article . . . 'the chief practical requisite for academic freedom consists in guaranteed security of tenure in professional positions, unless removal for some grave cause (such as proved incompetence or moral delinquency), other than the content of teaching of the professor concerned, becomes necessary. Experience has shown that such cause may sometimes be officially alleged for dismissals which are in fact due to pressure from economic, sectarian or other groups desirous of restricting freedom of teaching in some particular. Removal from professional office should therefore be possible only through some definite form of judicial procedure in which the faculty, as the local representatives of the academic profession, should responsibly participate. The American Association of University Professors, which has contributed much to the formulation of a professional code for

university teachers in the United States, has adopted the principle that "every university or college teacher should be entitled, before dismissal or demotion, to have the charges against him stated in writing in specific terms and to have a fair trial on these charges before a special or permanent judicial committee of the faculty senate or council, or by the faculty at large. At such trial the teacher accused should have full opportunity to present evidence".'

Accordingly every case of the dismissal of a professor raises a question of academic freedom, insofar as the question arises whether the dismissal was 'possible only through some definite form of judicial procedure.'

It is idle to answer that the question does not arise because Professor Orr's dismissal was not in fact due to 'pressure from economic, sectarian or other groups desirous of restricting freedom of teaching in some particular'. This prejudges the issue, and misses the point that freedom can only be guaranteed if the observance of proper procedure is obligatory in *all* cases.

At the same time it may be noted the suggestion actually made on behalf of Professor Orr has been that he was prejudiced by dislike, not of his philosophy, but of his criticism of the administration of the University. A little reflection will show that the right to criticise certain aspects at least of University administration is a necessary incident of effective academic freedom, and that the possibility of bias arising from internal struggles within the University is a further reason for insisting on safeguards against arbitary dismissal.

A perusal of the latest available calendars of the State Universities shows an extraordinary contrast between the universal provisions for dealing with charges against students, and the lack of provision for dealing with charges against academic staff.

The Tasmanian University Act empowers the Council to make statutes touching the removal of professors, which statutes would be binding on all concerned. However none has been made and consequently there was no obligatory form of procedure to guide those concerned with Professor Orr's dismissal. What happened appears in the evidence given in the Supreme Court of Tasmania. Four complaints against Professor Orr were considered within the University prior to his dismissal and relied on in the subsequent proceedings, although three of them were held by Mr. Justice Green to afford no ground for dismissal. Two of the three last-mentioned were not communicated to Professor Orr when made, and he was then given no opportunity to answer them, although the Vice-Chancellor

revealed them to other members of the academic staff. In evidence the Vice-Chancellor said he could not dispute that he was collecting this data with one eye to the possibility that he might at some stage bring it up against Orr. The third complaint, (which the Vice-Chancellor said he considered just as serious as the Kemp affair), was the subject of written allegations, a copy of which was refused to Professor Orr, although he was allowed to read but not make a copy of them at the official investigation. The justification given for this was the fear that Professor Orr might exercise his legal right to sue the author of the allegations.

These three matters were later reported by the Vice-Chancellor to the University Council, which instructed him to investigate them with the aid of such members of the Professorial staff as he might choose. He then co-opted four professors, including three with whom he had had prior discussions of the allegations. He said that he wanted others on the Committee with him because he knew that he may have been considered biassed. He conceded that he did at that stage have a distinct bias against Orr and would have been very glad to get rid of him.

The Kemp allegations were made to the Vice-Chancellor by Suzanne Kemp's father and a few days later a special meeting of the University Council was held. The allegations were not at this stage conveyed to Professor Orr, nor was he invited to attend. Mr. Kemp however was invited before the Council, and in his ex parte appearance 'made a great impression' and 'stirred' the Council, (to quote the Vice-Chancellor). The Council then appointed a Committee of investigation consisting of five members of Council (which had already been stirred and greatly impressed), and the Chairman of the Staff Association, a professor. The Committee was presided over by the Deputy Chancellor, who is a lawyer, and included the Solicitor-General, and one of the three professors with whom the Vice-Chancellor had discussed other complaints against Professor Orr. The Vice-Chancellor was also a member of the Committee ex officio.

Professor Orr was given a copy of Mr. Kemp's written allegations six days before the Inquiry, but these allegations did not contain much detail of the particular acts subsequently alleged. An application by him for a copy of the shorthand transcript was not granted and he took lengthy longhand notes. Nevertheless he was required to cross-examine witnesses immediately after hearing the details of the allegations for the first time, and to proceed to make a personal statement in reply immediately. He was refused legal representation.

The Committee of Inquiry expressly rejected the role of a quasi-judicial tribunal, and professed to be acting purely on a master-servant basis. This meant that there were no rules applicable to its procedure.

It is a maxim of the law, which will command general agreement, that justice must not only be done, but must manifestly be seen to be done. Was justice manifestly seen to have been done in this case? In testing the efficacy of a form of procedure one cannot look at it on the assumption that the person accused is guilty and knows very well what it is all about. One must test the procedure on the basis that the accused may be an innocent man, the victim either of circumstances or malicious accusation, who has no prior knowledge of the matters alleged. The whole reason for judicial procedure is to protect such a person.

One may legitimately comment:

(*a*) that charges made against a person should not be stored up but communicated to him immediately, so that he may clear his name, and may collect evidence which may not be available later;

(*b*) that all charges should be conveyed in writing, (so that there can be no suggestion that they were subsequently altered or enlarged), and should contain all the detail that an innocent man learning of the allegations for the first time would need to prepare a rebuttal;

(*c*) that so far as possible no one should sit on a tribunal who may reasonably (even if erroneously) be suspected of interest or bias or prior connection with the matters to be determined;

(*d*) that no ex parte hearing of allegations should be permitted at any stage;

(*e*) that if full details of any alleged act of misconduct have not been given prior to evidence being given about it, a reasonable adjournment should be given for preparation of cross-examination and reply;

(*f*) that while legal representation is doubtless unnecessary in many cases, seriousness and complexity of allegations, and the presence of lawyers on the tribunal, are matters which should weigh in favour of the grant of an application for representation;

(*g*) that a tribunal investigating serious charges should be quasi-judicial in character, which would mean that it would at least be bound by the common law rules of natural justice.

This article is not intended as an attack on individuals involved

in the Orr case. One can sympathise with their position as stated by one of them when taxed in cross-examination about the procedure used. 'Quite frankly this was the first time I had been confronted with such a situation. I think it was the first time most, if not all, members of the Committee had been confronted with such a situation and there were no precedents to go on.'

It is easy to be wise after the event. It is difficult to be wise at the event. Fortunately it is possible to be wise before the event. My real criticism is of the failure of most Australian Universities, including that of Tasmania, to lay down definite binding procedures of a quasi-judicial nature for handling serious allegations against members of the academic staff. Surely professors have no less right to such protection than students.

The fact that serious charges against senior members of the academic staff are rare makes the need for definite provisions more, not less, necessary, because it means that those called on to handle them will have little experience or precedent to guide them. Justice cannot be improvised. Without the guide of some binding procedure, no one can be trusted in the moment of crisis or action (and sometimes of passion) to see clearly the needs of the person on the other side of the table.

The investigation of the allegations against Professor Orr has in the event ended up in tribunals with definite legal procedures, namely the Courts, but it is to be hoped that the Staff Associations of our Universities will insist on having the position regulated before any further cases arise. This indeed is necessary for the benefit not only of those who may be charged, but also of those who have the invidious task of dealing with the charges.

J. H. Wootten

"Dons Know Best . . . . "

Not always, perhaps, but at any rate where the government of Universities is concerned. Recent events have shown that academic freedom is by no means secure, even in democratic countries.

The International Committee on Science and Freedom has been established to protect the integrity of academic life and to explore the principles of fruitful collaboration between the scholar and society.

"SCIENCE AND FREEDOM"

the bulletin of the Committee, is obtainable free of charge from the Secretary at 818 Wilmslow Road, Didsbury, Manchester 20, England.

HOYTS
. . . acknowledged leaders in screen entertainment throughout the Commonwealth . . . the name that symbolises the best in programmes and service to a huge audience representing one-third of Australia's theatre-going public!
Entertaining the Nation!

ECHOES OF THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

A. E. de Jasay

NOTHING ought to have frightened us more in the military defeat of the Hungarian revolution than our own facile relief that such a rising could have taken place at all. Being on the side of the angels, in the free half of the world we were, of course, grieved that it was defeated. We duly went through the motions of self-recrimination about Suez, about our failure to attempt, by a quick and bold diplomatic initiative in Central Europe, to swing Kremlin opinion the right way round; but our basic feeling, out here in the Western world, was relief and joy that though the Hungarians failed, the vision of 1984 was resoundingly proved wrong. The rising, in wonderful unanimity, of a people bound hand and foot and leaderless, seemed to dispel our worst fears about the future of mankind in a world where technological advance places ever more powerful levers in the hands of maniacs bent on making some future generation 'happy' against the will, and if need be through the dead bodies, of the present generation. The spectre of government by loudspeakers, with machine guns and tape recorders discreetly alert in the background, need not haunt us any longer; for has not the Hungarian example taught us that (using the pious vocabulary of the funeral orations held by eminent leaders of the wealthiest democratic nation of the world) 'man's yearning for liberty', 'man's dedication to the cause of freedom' is 'irrepressible' and will pierce the thickest iron curtain? The cause of freedom suffered a setback in one country, but we can now sit back and wait for the inevitable to happen. We can rest assured that no amount of ideological claptrap and no technique of physical oppression can break the individual's will to live his own life. We now know—what relief!—that the worm will turn.

However, it is now being taught a lesson that it must not. It is, to say the least, uncertain that it will do so again. The easy assumption that it will, comfortably relieves us of the need to seek other ways of dealing with the threat of dictatorships, or to retrieve, at a price, Hungarian liberty and thereby tangibly to demonstrate to the common people in both halves of the world that to rise against intolerable masters is not, after all, quite futile and foredoomed.

The Kremlin, acting through the Kádár regime in Hungary, is currently engaged in a thoroughly practical demonstration that to rise is futile and foredoomed. On the principle that 'nothing is true but belief maketh it so', it may not unreasonably expect to reap untold benefits in the form of resigned acquiescence by its subjects elsewhere. They may not want to commit suicide, and those who do may want to choose a smoother and more direct method than to revolt against the Communist State. Owing partly to our own complacency, and partly to the political skill displayed in driving home the lesson of futility, the Communists may succeed in putting revolutions altogether out of fashion.

The cynicism and shamelessness of the Soviet reaction to the first genuine European revolution of the post-war era—and perhaps the last revolution for a long time to come—thoroughly discredited Marxism-Lenism as a creed. Nor is it likely that the course taken by Moscow in crushing Hungary will, in the long run, promote the purely military interest of Russia. Keeping the deeply reactionary Russian Empire, with its crude colonial system in Soviet Asia and Eastern Europe, and its Byzantine politics, welded to the nominally progressive doctrine of Communism is the kind of 'internal contradiction' which may eventually lead to the disintegration of both the Empire and the creed. However, the incompatibility of the two, so forcefully exposed by the Hungarian test, is something the present Soviet rulers cannot remove without first removing themselves. Some damage to the illusions of fellow-travellers, some loss of the shifting fund of international goodwill toward the Soviet Union, was the price they elected to pay rather than face a direct threat to their own personal power. They may even think that the world will, in due course, forget their conduct in recapturing the breakaway Hungarians just as it forgot the Hitler-Stalin Pact, the massacre in the Katyn Forest and the many other instances of shocking Soviet immorality. In any case, their concern must be with the relatively short run now, and the short run offers them an option to swap ideological defeat for a boost to the belief in the impotence of the people against the Statemachine.

The Hungarian eruption provided a splendid, perhaps a unique, chance to teach a lasting lesson to the Hungarians' would-be imitators. The determination to exploit this opportunity to the full explains, not only the Russians' unwillingness to cut their losses in Eastern Europe and regain, sooner than they otherwise would, the fidelity of believers and the goodwill of Asia—it also provides a rationale for the peculiar pattern of oppression now being established in Hungary.

The basic aim of Communist policy in Hungary today is the consistent eradication of the people's belief that, by disobedience, go-slow strikes and general non-collaboration, the government can be made to accede to political demands, however short those may fall of the original revolutionary demand for free elections. At this stage, therefore, the people are not compelled, as they were in the past, to join the Party or the 'democratic mass organizations', because that would involve them in politics. On the contrary, they are encouraged to be as non-political as they like. To keep their minds off public affairs, the regime is feeding them with love-stories culled from the Western bourgeois press, pornographic pictures, thrillers, jazz, Freud, formalism and all the hitherto forbidden fruits of capitalist cultural decadence. The watchword is the same as that used by the Russian Olympic team in Melbourne: 'No politics, pliz.' It does not matter if the intellectuals do not talk socialist realism and the workers do not attend seminars in Leninism and party history, so long as they busy themselves with something politically neutral.

On the other hand, the remnants of the revolutionary committees, and particularly the workers' councils, are relentlessly being liquidated. Their unforgivable sin is that they had—to some extent still have—authority. Their existence fosters the pernicious belief that authority ought to derive from popular confidence, and not the other way round; it encourages people's presumptions that, by bestowing or witholding confidence, they can make or unmake factory managers, kolkhoz chiefs, trade union secretaries and, ultimately, the Government itself. Soviet policy is engaged in showing the people that they must not be presumptuous, that they most decidedly cannot affect the Course, and that to try is tantamount to self-destruction, for the State can always find ten thousand or so people to man its security police, and once that body exists, the liquidation of the unyielding is only a matter of time.

However, Hungarian history is a long series of refusals to see the force of arguments based on the arithmetics of power. True to form, the people continue to reject the Kádár-Marosán regime at a personal cost ranging from frostbite and hunger at home, voluntary exile abroad, or arrest and deportation to Russia. By making these costs heavy and prolonged, the Soviet leaders and their representatives in Budapest are gradually wearing down the people's will to secure a degree of individual self-determination. Peasants' councils have been proscribed, central and regional workers' councils dissolved (because they 'attempted to usurp the power of the People's State'—how re-

vealing a charge!) and factory workers' councils relegated to a consultative role on problems of production'. As the next step, faked works elections are now held behind closed doors and under police auspices, to pack them with new pliable members. The workers are fighting a losing battle. For any bargaining with the Kádár regime, they need spokesmen; and as volunteers for the unenviable role step forward, they are arrested. Some can then be softened up and made to see the futility of non-collaboration. These are released, while the othes are interned indefinitely, or quietly deported. The ranks of the most courageous are thus being thinned out, and those who are left must draw the intended conclusion.

All this is designed to silence, but not to reconcile. The mood of the people, and particularly of the industrial workers, is one of sullen hatred. Since Kádár has a large enough security police force, functioning under the guidance of first-rate Russian experts seconded to the Hungarian AB from the Russian MVD or MGB, to ferret out and break individuals, open resistance is becoming pointless. On the other hand, the mass of the workers cannot be made to work by such direct methods, and the Russian command, apparently anxious about the troops' morale, is reluctant to use Soviet soldiers as overseers in factories, mines, etc. The resulting economic impasse is unpleasant for the regime, but more unpleasant for the people themselves. But unconditional political surrender by the people is the government's first priority; if they choose to hold out in a passive way, refusing to do their jobs and to collaborate with the regime, let production suffer. Kádár himself, bewildered in a situation which is far too big for him, initially leant toward a policy of limited concessions, or at least negotiations, with a view to getting the country's economic life going again. After the January visits of Khruschev, Malenkov and Chou En-lai, however, he saw the light. Concessions to the revolution, such as permission for the peasants to contract out of the kolkhozes, and the removal of the most hated functionaries on grounds of 'stalinism', have been revoked, the re-establishment of the security police was admitted (on paper, it had been dissolved in November, but in practice it continued to function even during its brief nominal 'dissolution'), and the frequency of executions was increased. The eventual prospect of strictly economic concessions is held out; but both Kádár and Marosán take pains to make it abundantly clear that unconditional surrender of political demands and of pretensions to self-determination must precede any concessions. After that is obtained, they

are ready to 'correct past mistakes in economic policy and pay greater attention to the raising of the standard of living'; but these concessions must be understood to be by grace of Party and State, not as a retreat before an enraged population.

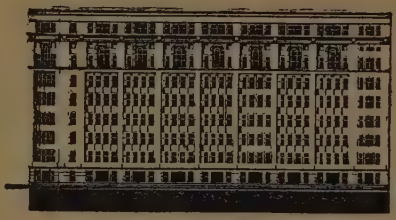
At the same time, clinging as it does to a simple Marxist theory of history, the regime appears genuinely to believe that once it gets round to improving the standard of living, it will become acceptable to the nation. It is genuinely incapable of realizing that the class struggle over the sharing of the national cake is not the only cause of historical events, and that after what has happened, the exploited class—virtually the whole Hungarian nation—will hardly reduce its silent opposition in step with a reduction in the degree of exploitation. The regime is likely duly to prune wasteful investment in the gigantic white elephants of Marxist economic planning, to promote a drift back to agriculture and a consequent improvement in the supply of food, to allow small artisans freer scope, and to abolish work norms in favour of straight wages. However, Hungarians did not take on the Red Army to secure whiter bread and better working conditions. Their determination sprang from much deeper sources than that. Rather than wanting to exchange a rigid and cruel dictatorship for a more benevolent and looser one, as happened in Poland under delicately poised power relations, implied threats and counter-threats, they wanted to be finished with the humiliation of dictatorship altogether.

It is easy indeed to say now that this gamble for the highest stakes could not have succeeded; but those on the spot thought otherwise. No one who does not share their traditions, and has not lived through the state of degradation to which they have been subjected for the past twelve years, should presume to blame them for recklessness. Had they succeeded—and it is for future historians of the Kremlin to establish what margin of chance they objectively had—we in the West should now be praising their courage and vision, and paying homage to a glorious revolution which changed the course of world history.

A. E. de Jasay

The cowardice and stupidity of the Western nations provide Russia with opportunities. Owing to their ignorance, Western statesmen are losing control of the situation. Jealousies are their perdition. Whatever they do benefits Russia.

Karl Marx, Despatch to THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE 12 April 1853



It's not just because we're pretty

that we're the most

popular store in town

If you get right down to the reason why more than eighty thousand people call on us every day, you'll find that it's simply because they trust us. The good old-fashioned virtues of fairness and honesty which our founder laid down 118 years ago are still in force today. There's no element of risk in shopping at David Jones'. You can buy anything from a thimble to a refrigerator in the sure knowledge that we will refund your money without more ado if you are not completely satisfied.

DAVID JONES'

MIRABILIA

BEAUTY AND MARVEL IN MICROPHOTOGRAPHS

Noel Monkman

THE fascination that microscopic minutiae hold for many people is but a swing of the pendulum from the absorption of the astronomer in the remote planets and stars and the immensity of space seen through the telescope. Whatever the reasons for this fascination may be, the results are the same: the discovery and exploration of new worlds.

Quite a profound observation was that of the eight-year-old who, when told that God had made all living things, pondered for a moment, then remarked, 'Fiddling work, making ants'. Small as an ant may appear to the unaided eye, it is a relatively huge creature to the microscopist, so let us begin an exploration in the world of insects by choosing a smaller insect than an ant, the despised human body louse, and see what marvels of structure are built into that minute speck of life. The microscope reveals that, unlike us humans, the louse has no lungs or arteries or red corpuscles to carry the oxygen throughout the body: and yet the louse must breathe. How then does the necessary air reach the oxygen-hungry tissues? Along each side of the insect's body are a row of tiny portholes (spiracles) which are the intake apertures for the air-conditioning of the creature. Properly to appreciate the delicacy of the details the lens now reveals, remember the minute size of our subject. Leading from each aperture is a flexible tube (trachea) carrying air into the body. This tube branches off into a maze of smaller tubes: these small tubes branch off again into yet smaller and smaller tubes which reach to all parts of the creature's body carrying the life-giving air throughout the tissues, even to the extreme tips of the finest antennae. Since such tubes are finer than a gossamer thread, a speck of dust must be prevented from causing blockage, so the air intake apertures are fitted with filters of wonderful efficiency. The design of these filters varies in different kinds of insects, some filters being amazingly complex structures. Fiddling work indeed—making lice.

It is in the world of the little that nature excels in beauty of pattern and intricacy of highly functional design. The minute

cells in living organisms are often grouped in symmetrical arrangements that would seem to be the work of a skilled and gifted artist. While this is not so apparent in animal cell structure, in plant life there is no end to the variety of exquisite patterns of remarkable regularity. Some insignificant weed with a nondescript flower of no great charm may hold for the searching eye of the microscope a treasure of hidden beauty. With a razor blade cut a thin slice from the stem of such a weed. The slice must be thin, a cigarette paper in comparison would be as thick cardboard. The microscope shows that thin, translucent sliver of vegetable tissue as a joy to behold. Here is the work of a master artisan; functional in the highest degree, and yet each tiny cell is built alongside its neighbour in such a way that together they form a delicate tracery like fine lace-work or an elaborate crochet pattern.

For sheer prodigality of design we turn to those infinitesimal specks, the diatoms. At first sight many of the living diatoms might quite excusably be taken for animals. If in water they glide gracefully about, and when a collision occurs with some floating debris they halt and back away from the obstruction. A slight pause, as if to work out a new course, and away they glide again at a tangent to their previous direction of travel. But movement is no criterion upon which to decide which is animal or which is plant life in the world of the microscope. Although there is no differentiation of structure into roots, stems, leaves, flowers, or seeds, diatoms belong to the vegetable kingdom. Like other plants, they possess the green chlorophyll and this, allied with a brown pigment called diatomin, uses the radiant energy of the sun to bring about the dream of the ancient alchemists, the conversion of elements into entirely new forms. This is the process of photosynthesis, whereby phosphates, nitrates and other chemicals are changed into new substances: food to nourish the tissues of these minute plants, which are chemical laboratories of exceeding smallness.

There are about fifteen thousand known sorts of these microscopic plants each bearing a different design sculptured upon its silica skeleton, yet a hundred of them heaped together could be placed upon the period at the end of this sentence. Each diatom, though but a single cell, is complete in itself, and many of these minute plants are no larger than 1/6,000 of an inch in diameter. Millions could be placed within a circle of a threepenny piece. The highest powers of our modern optical microscope cannot show us the finest details of the delicate designs that grace the granite-like silica of their skeletons. Only the advent of the

electron microscope has made it possible to see further into the structure of diatoms by using the same ultra-sensitive medium as the astronomer uses in his search for distant stars, namely, the photographic plate. High-power electron microscope photographs have revealed smaller details of the intricate designs beyond the reach of the optical microscope. These most minute details are measured in wave lengths of light, and are in the vicinity of 1/2,500,000 of an inch.

Generation after generation the characteristic design of each species is reproduced with faultless precision over a period of millions of years. The daughter cells, however, are never as large as their parents. As generation succeeds generation by the process of fission (non-sexual phase) there is a continual reduction in size, although the intricate pattern of the species is rigidly maintained. Each succeeding generation reproduces in continually decreasing dimensions a minute facsimile of the original mother cell. Then a sexual process intervenes between two individual diatoms, and from that union emerges a new diatom of the original larger size: full grown from birth, as it were. With the re-establishment of the larger dimension the process of sexless division into progressively smaller cells rebegins.

Diatoms must have water and light, but given those essentials these tiny plants are extremely adaptable. Every stream, lake, pond or ditch anywhere in the world contains freshwater forms. They flourish in the intense cold of the Arctic, and grow luxuriantly in thermal streams with a temperature of more than fifty degrees centigrade. One Antarctic species prefers to live in the cracks in the skin of whales. The stomach of the oyster is a likely place in which to find other species. Some live in the thin film of water investing the particles of the soil, and the seas of the world so teem with them that only an astronomer could think in such preposterous numbers without a headache.

To bring such numbers down to a point where we can more easily comprehend them, consider the life of a diatom in the ancient seas of our world a few million years ago. It lived near the surface of the sea, for being a plant it required sunlight to act on the chlorophyll contained within the single cell of its being. It lived, and it died. Slowly the dead diatom sank towards the sea floor far beneath. Putrefactive bacteria attacked and then flourished in its moribund tissues. The almost imperishable skeleton was laid bare to the ocean depths as it fell deeper into the silence and darkness. Such a minute body does not fall far in seconds, minutes, or days. The journey to its resting place in the deep sea ooze was a period of years. It came to rest amidst a

ceaseless rain of other dead diatoms which continued for centuries to carpet the sea floor with fragile, but perfect, skeletons.

The drowsy earth turned over, and cataclysmic things happened as the quiet bed of the sea rose above the waves. The banked embers of the fires of earth were shaken asunder, flared, and erupted in gushing lava. This poured out over the newly arisen land which had been beneath the sea for aeons. Volcanic ash swaddled the cooling lava and they became one again with the solid earth.

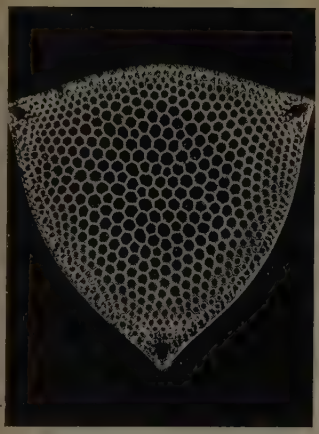
Millions of years later we with our microscope came along and probed our way down to that dead sea-floor. For miles around us the skeletons of the ancient diatoms lay locked in an immense layer of deep-sea ooze that had been slowly compacted into hard rock more than a thousand feet thick. A tap with a geological hammer breaks off a small portion, let us say about one cubic inch. This we boil in a test tube of sulphuric acid which dissolves away all the limy secretions that bind the diatoms together. Now we may count the numbers held within that one cubic inch of ancient rock. The microscope shows us a total of sixty million! Let that suffice: why attempt to estimate the inconceivable billions within these acres of earth?

You may have wondered how it can be stated so definitely that the diatoms have retained their characteristic design unchanged over many millions of years. Beneath a high-power lens examine some of our newly released fossils, and there is the proof of immutability of design. From the seas of today, which perhaps still wash the foothills of the ancient diatomaceous rock, we can capture living specimens of diatoms which are the same as those which lived and died millions of years earlier. The die was cast aeons ago; stamped upon the living diatoms, quite unaltered, is the pattern of species, the finest details reproduced true to the ancient type. To our minds design without reason is an absurdity. Why should so much beauty be lavished on things which can never be seen by normal vision? Is it unreasonable to ask the reason for so much in so little?

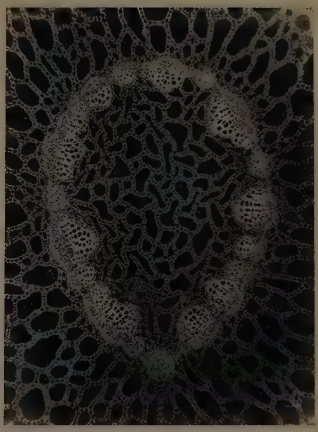
Noel Monkman

For modern philosophy, transcendental problems are non-existent. But the converse is true: if these problems exist, it is modern philosophy that is non-existent.

Charles Dunan, LES DEUX IDEALISMES, 1911.



A diatom: Triceratium



A sliver of vegetable tissue showing the beauty of the cell structure

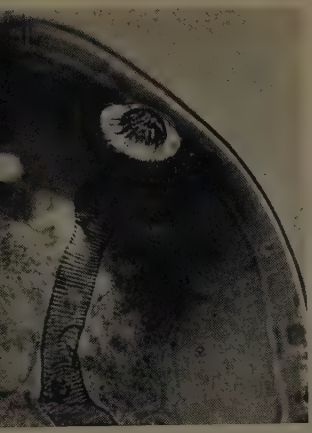
ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOEL MONKMAN F.R.M.S.

A diatom: Heliopelta (sun shield)

Human Body-Louse

AIR CONDITIONED INSECTS

Like other insects, a louse has no lungs, yet it breathes air. Although s
minute, this tiny creature has an amazingly intricate maze of air pipe
running throughout every part of its body. The arrows point to the rows o
minute 'port holes' (spiracles) through which the air is drawn in

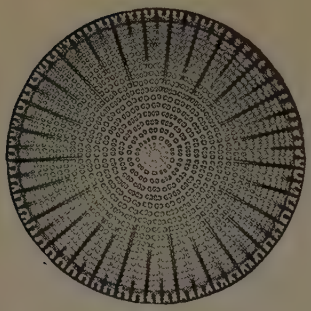


Much more highly magnified, the air pipe, running from the domed 'port hole', can be seen embedded in the flesh of the louse

A maze of air pipes dissected out. From the intricate main tube leading from the spiracle, this system of microscopic pipes branches off carrying the life giving air throughout the tissues of the insect

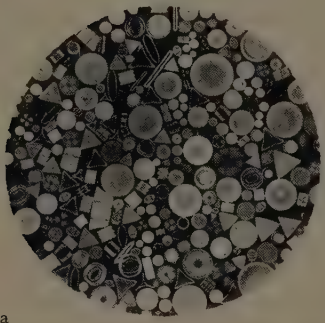
Air enters the body of the louse through the spiracle and travels along tubes to all parts of the body

Apparently quite a creditable etching of a forest scene, but actually an enormously magnified photo-micrograph of the sieve in the 'port hole' through which dust is strained out of the air before entering the air pipes



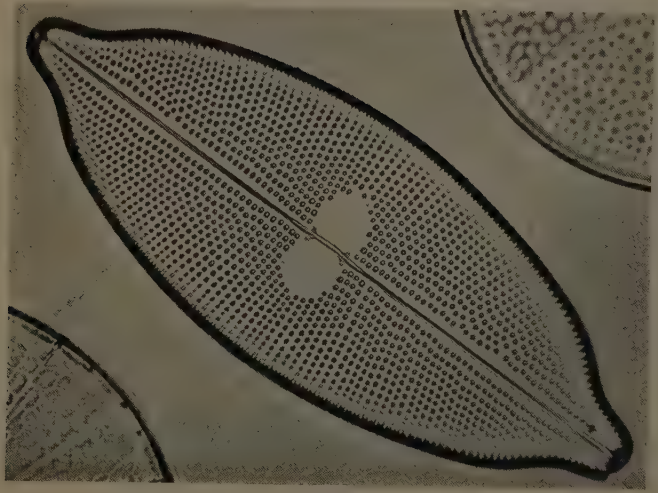
Above:
A diatom: Arachnodiscus (web of the spider)

Below:
Fossil diatoms from Diatomaceous rock



A diatom: Navicula

(A little boat)



ANYTHING LIKE WALTZING MATILDA

OBSERVATIONS ON FOLKSONG IN AUSTRALIA

John Greenway

ONCE upon a time, and a very good time it was, there dwelt in a village in a far-away land called Australia a poor blacksmith and his aged wife. Though this poor man toiled wearily all the day in his smithy, yet he had no happiness, for his eldest son was crippled and there were many children to feed. He had a little to bite and to break, but no more; and he groaned and said to his aged wife, 'What is to become of us?', and he sat and lamented all day long. His only joy was his second son, a youth revered by the villagers for his virtue and industry, who helped him at his forge. As this youth grew in strength and wisdom, it came to his mind that honour and wealth could be his if, instead of hammering horseshoes, he would hammer other young men. And so he did, and so well did he, that soon his name was renowned throughout the land. He journeyed the long road to the boxing-ring of the great city of Sydney, and thereupon threw down other young men who, like himself, had come to seek fame and great fortune. Now it came to pass that news came to him that there were yet people in the wide world who did not believe his strength, and so he went aboard a ship and travelled for many days across the wild ocean to a strange land called America, where he sought other young men to defeat. But this land was inhabited by a vindictive and jealous people who would not let this youth hammer their young men, and they forced him to wander from city to city, until his days were spent in lamentation. And yet they pursued him, to the dark and dismal city of Memphis and there fed him food and drink that were poisoned, and, as a scrivener of that land wrote on parchment, 'They wound their tenacles around the heart of this strong young man and it shrunk until it was no longer able to beat true and strongly'. At last came the evil day when, thousands of leagues from his aged and grieving parents, he died, as the scrivener said, 'of a broken heart and because his fellow men had forgotten that six feet of earth makes us all of one size'.

This is the stuff that myth—and folksongs—are made on. It matters not at all that Les Darcy fought only a few opponents

of wide reputation, that his record as a putative middleweight champion was mediocre, that his first fight against the wilting McGoorty was publicly denounced as a 'tank job', that he was accused of dodging Harry Reeve, and that when he stowed away on a freighter bound for the United States during war time, Australia was first to call him a slacker and a coward. These are only facts; truth is something greater. The truth is that Les Darcy was the symbol of his country, a land of promise and potentiality, frustrated by a force too great to contend against. Most important, Les Darcy died young; he did not

> *. . . swell the rout*
> *of lads that wore their honours out.*

So with all folk heroes. So a Romanized Celt captain who led his people in the early sixth century in a hopeless fight against the Germanic invaders became, as the centuries passed, a *dux bellorum* who slew nine hundred and sixty men bare-handed in a day at Mount Badon, then a great warrior king, then a president of errant heroes and kings (many of whom had their own ballad cycles) whose name will be preserved as long as men are called Arthur. Les Darcy has a long way to go, but he is beginning well; already he is chronicled in at least four traditional folk-songs. Within a year of his death newspapermen were writing that he could have beaten the giant Jess Willard. Go to his grave in Maitland and read the indifferently-spelled epitaph that claims for him not only the world championship but virtues that none would have accorded him before 24 May, 1917. The point of the matter is that the legendary Les Darcy and Ned Kelly and King Arthur and Joe Hill and George Washington are not real persons at all, but anthropomorphic representations of the aspirations of their people, part of the vast accumulation of heterogeneous fact and fancy out of which the ethos and mores of a nation grow, and which we call folklore. Put folklore to music and it becomes folksong.

Australians know very little about their folksong. Just as the chess player is inevitably asked, 'is it anything like draughts?', the collector of folksong in Australia is inevitably asked, 'Is it anything like *Waltzing Matilda*?' It can be like *Waltzing Matilda*, the Les Darcy songs, and other things as well. As a Kentucky mountain woman wrote to me, 'This is what a folk song realy is—the folks composes there own songs about there own lifes and there home folks that live around them'. That is, as I have written elsewhere, a fine definition that needs only a clarification of terms. 'The folks composes': If an individual is the sole author of a folksong he must speak not for himself but for the

folk community as a whole, and in the folk idiom; he must not introduce ideas or concepts that are uncommon, nor may he indelibly impress his own individuality upon the song. His function is not that of a consciously creative artist, but that of a spokesman for the illiterate, or, to put it more precisely, for the inarticulate. It is impersonality of authorship, not anonymity of authorship, that is a requisite of genuine folk song. 'There own songs': The songs must be in the possession of the folk, communally owned, so that any member of the folk may feel that they are his to change if he wishes; they should not be alien to the degree that the folk singer hesitates to change a word or a phrase that needs alteration; they should be so completely of the folk that any singer may convince himself that he is their author. 'About there own lifes and there home folks that live around them': The folksong should be concerned with the interests of the folk, whatever they may be.

Folklorists, largely for purposes of convenience, like to imagine that education and mass media of entertainment and communication have destroyed the folk, but as long as we have an intellectually unsophisticated people living in communities, we have the folk. It is true that there are comparatively few folksongs today, for their function has been replaced partly by the popular song and, to a greater extent, by the tabloid newspapers. Roger Ascham four hundred years ago condemned the taste of the uncultured for 'open manslaughter and bold bawdry', and if one will classify the motivating activities of the three hundred and five ballads Professor Francis James Child accepted some seventy years ago as the full canon of English and Scottish folk balladry, one will need only these two categories to encompass all. Later came the broadsides to satisfy this need for tragic catharsis in the people, and then the cheap newspaper.

The proper study of folksong is the folk; that is, the great corpus of material that the intellectually unsophisticated of every country produces should be studied first as sociological documents. Until recently America's thousands of folksongs were the province of professors of English literature, who examined them with the yardstick of literary criteria, and found them remarkably inferior to the work of even minor poetasters. Other educated people compare the music of folksong to the classics, and find the inferiority more remarkable still. That is wrong; that is like comparing apples to aeroplanes, and condemning the one because it will not fly and the other because it is not good to eat. In England there is another approach equally bad. There folksong is in the hands of retired lawyers and elderly

clergymen. True amateurs. There is nothing wrong with amateurs, still less with elderly clergymen. The word 'amateur', however, is rooted in 'love', and people in love are by the very nature of things irrational. Elderly clergymen err on the side of goodness, like the clergyman who referred in a Sydney paper last All Souls' Day to the 'merry maypole' as evidence of the joyousness of medieval Christianity—a kindly error, but an error, for all that. Retired lawyers, on the other hand, are apt to stain orangutan jaws with bichromate and plant them in Piltdown Common. Other amateurs go about digging up the bones of long-entombed Englishmen trying to prove that Shakespeare was Marlowe, or *vice versa*.

The aesthetic and amateur approaches, and before them, the religious, were valid enough for their times, for, as Robert Frost says:

> *Most of the change we see in life*
> *Is due to truths being in and out of favor*;

but for our time I believe the most valid use of folksay will be made by the social historian. The best example of this approach is the doctoral dissertation of the Australian historian, Russel Ward, which will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press as *The History of the Australian Pastoral Worker*. Mr. Ward gathered hundreds of traditional bush songs and used them to determine the ethos of the pastoral worker—how he reacted to the events of Australian history, large and small, his attitude toward his environment, his work, his fellows. It is gratifying to lovers of poetry that Mr. Ward's research confirmed the instinctive opinion of Henry Lawson in this matter—after all, that, to the *litterateur*, is the function of the scientist: to confirm the opinions of the poet.

Many philosophers have said, as John Steinbeck, that 'the songs of the people have always been their sharpest statement', but Mr. Ward is the first to act upon this advice as a scholarly investigator. Unhappily, this book is the only good one on Australian folksong or folklore. Paterson's *Old Bush Songs*, for all the reverence paid to it by later collectors, is a sketchy and unscholarly work; Stewart and Keesing's *Australian Bush Ballads* is an admirable book for its purpose, but its purpose is so broad that it cannot be accepted as a collection of folksong. Hugh Anderson's *Colonial Ballads* is a dangerous book for the student, less because of Anderson's lack of training as a folklorist than because of his badly-chosen reading in folksong scholarship that makes him waste much of his book beating horses dead these thirty years. Anderson is to be commended, however, for his

research on the Colonial Minstrel, Charles Thatcher, and his finding tunes for the songs heretofore printed as verse—though here his zeal runs away with his discretion. Bill Wannan's *The Australian*, mainly a *pot pourri* of fragments of folklore, contains some songs, but the work as a whole imitates a bad model, Ben Botkin's various *Treasuries* of American folklore. Of bound volumes of Australian folksong, this is just about all there is. Worthwhile American books on the folksong of the United States, on the other hand, run well into the thousands, though America is much further from her folklore than Australia. Those who built the national character of America and sang about it have long since mouldered into dust, and their great-grandchildren as well, but people are still living who remember Australia's colonials. They cannot wait much longer for the attention they and their folklore deserve. The pity is that attention is not likely to be paid—and this for four reasons.

First is the simple fact that Australia is publishing only seven hundred books a year, against tens of thousands in England and the United States, and publishers have little room in their plans for books on a subject that most educated Australians regard as literary ephemeralia.

The second reason grows out of this attitude of the educated Australian. There is only one Australian folksong scholar with international experience—Edgar Waters. In Australia folk studies have no academic status. The anthropologists, who are taking over the discipline in the United States, are much too busy untangling aboriginal kinship systems to bother with such mundane things as bush songs, and the professors of English, even if they were not bound to ancient curricula by British tradition, have built up sufficient resentment against the popular adulation of bush poets to stifle any infra-literature which rises up from the unsophisticated.

Thirdly, the man in the pub has been too long and too thoroughly indoctrinated by American taste in entertainment to go back to the old ways. Urban life has absorbed bush life, and the old singing, reciting, and tale-telling shearer now collects tram fares in the daytime and at night goes to American movies, stands outside shop windows to see fantastically-priced TV sets showing canned American programs, listens to American popular music around the clock on wireless, and when he buys sheet music and phonograph records, is almost entirely guided in his choice by the Hit Parade.

This uncritical servitude of the ordinary person is at least partly responsible for the fourth and most serious obstacle to

acceptance by responsible people of Australian folk material, which is that folksong today is in the hands of the Communists. In point of numbers the Communists in contemporary Australian folksong publishing and performance are few; as one impartial member of one of the groups interested in bush songs told me, 'It's only a little bit Communistic'. True, but being a little bit Communistic is like being a little bit pregnant. To give them their due, the Communists were among the first to point out that folksong could mean as well as be—that it could be concerned with utility as well as entertainment, but a philosophy that believes that *truth is what it ought to be* taints everything it touches, and folksong in all the Western world has not only been touched, but indecently caressed by it.

Australian folksongs have been particularly happy hunting ground for leftist propagandists, because of the more than six hundred folksongs I have classified, approximately seventy per cent. are songs of discontent, from the transportation ballads that were Irish before they were Australian to the shearer's protest songs still heard in the outback sheds. Some of this rebelliousness is due, of course, to Australia's settlement by disaffected folk, but as a Black Irishman myself, I like to think that it is due more to friction of the Celtic nature with a hostile environment. It is a fact that within three weeks of the First Fleet's arrival Irish convicts organized protest meetings against the administration; and in the United States many of the more than two thousand folksongs of social and economic protest which I collected could be traced to a Celtic background.

The most important influence on the development of Australian folksong is the Irish character. This is surprising, because in the United States, where the British population is much smaller than in Australia, the forming influence was English. Even more surprising is the fact that in spite of dissimilar origin and heavy accretions of Negro rhythms and contributions from the myriad national groups that make the United States, the folksong of America and the folksong of Australia resemble each other more closely than they do that of the mother land. Again and again in the two countries we find the same themes repeated: Australia has her swagmen—migratory workers; sundowners—migratory non-workers; and Domain duffers—sedentary non-workers. America has hoboes—men who work and wander; tramps—men who dream and wander; and bums—men who drink and wander. Both countries have many songs about these characters; sometimes, as with other folksongs, they share the same songs. One of the more widespread hobo songs in the

United States is *The Great American Bum*, which I have found here in a quite different variant, *Hang the Man Who Works*. The bushwhacker complains of his steady diet of 'Tea, Damper and Mutton'; the American outbacker of 'Beans, Bacon and Gravy'. The Aussie free settler sang of his poor accommodation in songs like *Freehold on the Plain*; the American homesteader of his bad housing in songs like *The Lane County Bachelor*. All down the line the same ideas are reflected in our folklore: American children play 'cops and robbers', while Australian children play 'bushies and bobbies'. Growing up changes the attitudes very little. Apparently there is something about the cattle industry that turns its practitioners sentimental; the American cowboy, as roughhewn as the Aussie stockman, dedicated to hard liquor and hard living, longs to be buried out on the prairies where the coyotes can't get at him; so the Australian stockman wants his final repose among the sweet wattles and somewhere out of reach of the dingoes.

The folk heroes of young countries are drawn from the violent men; a nation needs a great deal of self-confidence to draw its heroes from the sedentary occupations. Thus, both Americans and Australians make heroes out of criminals; indeed, both peoples extend this courtesy to juvenile delinquents—the Australian admires Johnny O'Meally and the American cherishes Billy the Kid to his bosom. The attitudes are also very much alike; the bushranger-outlaw successfully defies an oppressive law, he robs the rich and gives to the poor, he speaks courteously to women and small animals.

These parallels could be extended endlessly, but Australian folksong is not American, nor is it British, though most of its tunes and many of its lyrics can be traced to British origins. Neither Britons nor Americans sing of shearing and bullock-driving, nor do they weep over dying jockeys. They have no Dad and Dave, no 'blackfellows vicious', no strong spirit of mateship, no ill-behaved dogs who sit in tucker boxes. These are some of the multifarious things that combine to make the unique national Australian character, which is seen nowhere so clearly as in Australian folksong.

John Greenway

It's up to Business Men to Tell the Story of PROFITS

"IT takes profits and the taxes levied on profits to found and support our schools and other vital public institutions.

"It takes profits and successful business to provide the funds for hospitals and the services upon which our very lives depend.

"The first call on profits in any well managed business is to secure the future of that business--provide the research needed, to stay competitive and ahead of the times, to provide better plant facilities, bigger warehouses, better machinery so that the individual worker may produce more and earn more, and thus live a fuller life.

"And last but not least, to provide the additional many thousands of jobs a year that our youngsters will need this year and next year and every year!"

—Leslie Gould, Financial Editor of the New York *Journal–American.*

It has been estimated that it costs an average of £6,000 in new money just to provide new plant, facilities and equipment for one new job, and for the many thousands of new jobs each year then we need many thousand times £6,000.

The profit motive is the big difference between our system and the so-called managed economies of Communist or Socialist dominated countries. The profit motive provides us in Australia with a standard of living amongst the highest in the world; bettered, perhaps, only by America to whom so many countries who have nationalised many of their industries have looked and received help from in recent years.

To be an exponent of the profit motive one has merely to assess the standard of living, freedom, happiness and health of the people of the various countries, but as Gould says, "Too many people are unaware of this", thus it will be a good thing if more of us who do realise it expound as well as accept it.

Space Contributed by

CALTEX OIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED

REFLECTIONS ON AUSTRALIAN HISTORY

C. Hartley Grattan

THE history of Australia is neither long enough nor complex enough to sustain any very elaborate philosophy of history developed from the facts of it taken alone, though various philosophies can be illustrated from it, or applied to it, with greater or lesser appositeness. Rather the Australian story is one of the rise of an extension of Euro-American civilization in a unique environment. The components of the Australian story are predominantly of overseas derivation, with the local elements, providing such uniqueness as it possesses. This is far more considerable than most foreigners realize or than Australian historians have as yet dramatized.

As all history is but the record agreed upon of what man has done by way of living with his fellows on this planet, so Australian history is a record of what man has done on a particular continent in successive recent ideological, institutional, and technological climates. The importance of it is precisely what the person studying it imputes to it, but the obvious rise in imputed value over the thirty years of this writer's observation is directly attributable to, and proportionate to, the increase in the maturity of Australian society and the enlargement of Australia's place in the world of nations over the same three decades. All signs point to a continued rise in the future. The chances are excellent that more and more time and energy will be put into Australian history. Although the active workers in the field have increased remarkably in numbers in recent years, there is as yet no professor of the subject in any Australian university. I understand a provision for a chair is in the plan for the National University. May the event not be too long delayed.

An illuminating way of looking at the Australian adventure is to see it as a case of a frontier of Europe, specifically Britain, in the terms proposed by Professor Walter Prescott Webb in his *The Great Frontier*. As such it was not merely a case of the transit of Euro-American civilization to Australia, or of the exploitation of resources for the benefit of the metropolitan countries, for Australia had an impact back on Britain, not measurable exclusively by the quantity of wool it sent there. There is room for several fascinating books on the Australian impact on Britain, and Europe. As a frontier of Europe, Australia

was not a passive recipient of the North Atlantic civilization. Not only did Australia as a frontier react on Britain but also it was the interaction of the local factors with the incoming European elements of civilization that set going the evolution of the Australian version of the Euro-American cultural complex of which it is so plainly a part. This story has as yet been but imperfectly told because it is as yet but imperfectly defined, in the absence of the necessary facts. In essence, the line of evolution of Australia is from its condition as a frontier of Europe or, differently put, as a colonial area in which the circumstances allowed the planting of the seeds of a nation, to its present condition as a rapidly maturing nation. This evolution has been uneven over time—history seems never to move steadily from point to point, except when ordered that way by tidy minds working *ex post facto*—and is still far from complete. In fact it is currently extremely difficult to distinguish adolescent assertiveness from proofs of sound maturation.

Australia has been, like the United States, a frontier of Europe, in which internal frontiers were quickly developed and which reacted on the established urban areas, pseudo-metropolitan centres which remained frontier *vis à vis* Europe. It was out of this intricate pattern of action and reaction that the Australian essence began to be distilled. Australians implicitly recognize the significance of the internal frontiers in their heavy emphasis on 'the bush' as the prime source of attitudes and ideas allegedly peculiarly Australian, a notion, by the way, that the writers of fiction and poetry have done far more to establish than the historian. Tom Collins' *Such is Life* is a classic expression of it; and the stories of Henry Lawson derive a large proportion of their enduring meaning from it. However, I am convinced that the urban areas, always of decisive importance in Australia, have contributed more to forming Australia in all its aspects than has yet been clearly stated and accepted. On the one hand there is need for a critical account of 'the legend of "the bush",' and on the other there is an equal need for a critical study of the role of the cities in the formation of the Australian ideology and ethos. In the process of getting these books written—they will only 'jell' after numerous articles and Ph.D. theses have been written—the role of Australia's internal frontiers will clearly emerge.

With regard to these internal frontiers, I think of two ideas that need testing.

The first arises from the fact that, since the pioneering frontiers of Australia were sheepmen's frontiers mainly, and cattlemen's

in the north, to operate on them required the possession of considerable capital. We need a study of this matter at successive historical periods—which would allow us to define the frontiers as either Big Men's or Small Men's. I think that Australia's frontiers have predominantly been frontiers of Big Men, that is, men in possession of more capital than was commonly available to men disposed to pioneer on the land; and that the predominance of Big Men is the explanation—by way of the reaction of the employees to their situation—of the labouristic quality of the ideas which we now think originated in 'the bush', but which carry more urban elements than we currently realize. It is very significant that unions in the land industries were established early in Australia, contrary to the experience of countries with Small Men's frontiers. The American frontier, for instance, was, in the large, a creation of Small Men, and it created, not trade unionists, but men-on-the-make who supported a pro-capitalist outlook. Jacksonian democracy, conventionally believed to be a frontier creation, though egalitarian American-style, reflected the egalitarianism of small and ambitious capitalists, not men-of-no-property; it was middle class rather than working class. Tending to confirm my speculations is the fact that in Australia the early unions in the land industries, especially the shearers' unions, included many cocky farmers struggling desperately to hang on to their holdings who were at that stage willing to work in opposition to the Big Men (the squatters), but when the cockies really got established they abandoned the unions and took up attitudes not unlike those of the American farmers.

The second idea is that Australia, far more than the United States, has enormous areas that appear to be permanently frontier. There is little prospect that they will ever become part of the seat of the fundamental economy, or, in Australian terms, part of the area of closer settlement, but rather will remain permanently tributary areas of the fundamental economy, 'frontier' in general characteritics. The typical pattern of an Australian state is a defined area of close settlement within which are the highly urbanized and the manufacturing centres (usually identical), plus a sizable tributary area of extensive exploitation with only small distributive towns, and a few mining towns additionally. Much light is cast upon the history of the tributary areas in terms of their tendency to persist as such if one plots on a map the dates of founding of the distributive towns and looks into the population and other history of them. This shows the stability of the areas in their current and historical shape. The

Australian frontier is not, like the American, succeeded by the growth of great cities, but rather tends to stabilize in a tributary pattern very early fixed more or less unalterably. Whereas in the United States the frontier is thought of as a constantly moving line first defined just back of the original Atlantic coastal settlements, which by stages (and often erratically) finally reached the Pacific littoral, whereupon the American task became one of filling in the pattern thus established with a design comparable to that of the old metropolitan areas, the Australian frontier was defined inward from several points on the coastal fringe, reached the ultimate of inward penetration relatively early (as far as close settlement is concerned), stabilized more or less permanently at these various points, while the filling in of the pattern has really meant the intensification of development at and close to the original points of departure. Thus it casts more light on Australia to think of it as a country with large tributary permanently-frontier areas than as a country which has absorbed its successive frontiers into the metropolitan body as happened in America.

Let me pause to add a reflection on the American half of the hyphenated expression, Euro-American, which I have used with respect to Australian culture. When A. D. Hope refers sardonically to the 'chatter of learned apes overseas' I take it he includes both Europeans and Americans. The European elements have up to now predominated in Australia; but this is not to say that the American are insignificant. One cannot read far in Australian history without becoming aware of the influence of the United States on Australian thinking and action in government (structure and policy alike), farming (including dry and irrigation farming and dairying), transportation (from Cobb & Co. to the air-services), trade unionism (particularly at the ideological level by Edward Bellamy and Henry George), journalism (note the American influences on the early *Bulletin* including the example of Livingston Hopkins), literature, and so on. Moreover, a full account of American influence would have to take account of the American elements in the European cultural complex which reached Australia *via* Britain, which is not only a matter of the transit of books from New York through London publishing houses. The American influence, to anyone who can identify an American influence when he sees one, has been persistent throughout Australia's history, beginning in the early convict days, and surviving thus far all the recurring outbursts of anti-Americanism, of which the current one is but an episode in a series.

I should now like to strike out on an entirely new trail. It seems to me from a fairly comprehensive reading of Australian histories that one is apt to get but a dim and unenlightening conception of the role of private capitalism in Australia's development. One gets the impression that governmental activity has been rather more important than private enterprise in the development of the continent, in spite of the fact that a moment's reflection leads one to conclude that this cannot be true. Nobody has ever explicitly denied the importance of private enterprise, but few have ever explicitly affirmed it. The content of most general histories is weighted against it, however, and frequently this appears to be because the point of view of the writer toward current politics and economics is labouristic, or 'socialist'. Much of Australian history has been written, consciously or unconsciously, on history-is-past-politics assumptions, and this has led to an emphasis on parliamentary-political action and governmental economic activities. Even early economic activities of governments whose motivation was clearly not 'socialist'—the very term is outrageously anachronistic—are reinterpreted into proofs of the inevitability of 'socialism' under Australian conditions, when they might better and more accurately have been looked upon, in the early years, as actions taken because of the absence of a strong private capitalism in penal settlements, or, later on, a disproportion between the size of the task and private capitalism's resources, or, again, the willingness of governments to attempt control of the price mechanism in the interest of private capitalist producers.* The history of the role of government in Australian economic life seems to me to need restudying to make it clear when government action was 'socialism' and when it was rather designed to promote a better and more sustaining environment for private capitalism. At any rate, it is pretty clear that private capitalism did the heft of the job of building the Australia we know, and any reasonably objective history should make that clear. Even at this very moment, when the emphasis is on investment and governmental investment bulks very large, about 65 per cent. of all investment

*An interesting exercise would be a close study of why private enterprise failed in railway building, so characteristic a nineteenth-century field of private enterprise, since it appears to have occurred before any theoretical labouristic 'socialism' existed. Was it because of the absence of private managerial groups able and willing to borrow large sums privately abroad? Or was it related to the thinness of actual and prospective rural development, coupled with a correct guess that continental integration of transport would develop very, very slowly? Why has nobody yet written a perceptive history of inland transportation in Australia?

is private. It is my guess that private investment has predominated in Australia since about 1810-1820. Australia is unquestionably a capitalist creation, and is still a capitalist country today, rumours of socialism to the contrary notwithstanding.

Why this point has been obscured I have suggested, but there is a good deal of work for historians to do to establish it as more than a debater's stance. There is a need for a good deal of detailed study of private enterprise and how it has worked under Australian conditions, most vividly to be reported in terms of biography and company history (or what is called entrepreneurial history). I believe that some important work of this kind is already under way by Professor S. J. Butlin on the Australian and New Zealand Bank, and Dr. Birch on the Colonial Sugar Refining Company. To some cynics books in this category inevitably teeter on the edge of hagiography or advertising. Properly done, there is no reason why this should be so. Given free access to sources and intelligent use of them, there is no more reason why a biography of a capitalist should be any less forthright than a biography of a politician or a litterateur; and a company history need be no less illuminating than a historical account of a publicly-owned enterprise.* To be sure, neither the biography of a capitalist, nor the history of a private company is an easy form to use. It requires at least as much skill to write a good company history—one which is meaningful in relation to the total economic picture of which the enterprise was a part—as to write a good general economic history. Wise companies will not trust their histories to men of less than the highest qualifications. S. J. Butlin's company history will undoubtedly be in conformance with the standards he set in his *Foundations of the Australian Monetary System*, itself a brilliant account of private capitalism at work in Australia.

Nor can capitalist enterprise in Australian history be given its proper weight without more knowledge of the land industries. We need more studies of private enterprise in mining, to follow up the recent volume on Mount Lyell. We need a better understanding of the private capitalist production and sale of agricultural products. We need a good historical study of the economics of the wool industry, as I have indicated already.

While I am on this task, let me throw in another idea for the historians with economic interests. When will someone attempt

*This works both ways. Accounts of publicly-owned enterprises are sometimes published which are all-of-a-piece with the advertisement-in-hard-covers of private businesses: for instance, *Three Decades*: The Story of the State Electricity Commission of Victoria from its Inception to December 1948 (1949).

to portray the economic significance and contribution of convict labour, whether on public works or in private employment? Convicts worked on roads. But what roads? What country was opened up? On what justification? With what economic consequences? They also worked in coal mines. What was the significance of this for the Australian economy? Did it supply cheap coal at an early stage? Or was cheapness defeated by disciplinary considerations? And how was the coal used? Heating? Blacksmithing? Power generation? Convicts worked on sheep stations. We know how this influenced the law of master-servant relations, but what was the cost of keeping convict servants, how did this influence the cost of producing wool, and what was the relationship of this to the vending of wool on the British market? Did the cost of convict labour give Australian wool any competitive advantage over wools from the Continent of Europe? Did low labour costs (assuming they *were* low) help the producers absorb the high cost of transport to Britain, thus fortifying their competitive position? The economic contribution of the convicts as a labour force was plainly considerable. And recall that free-labour private enterprise had to compete with convict-labour private and public enterprise for several decades. What was this period really like?

For a long time I have wondered about the role of the middle class in Australian history. In earlier writings I have said that while a middle class existed, it was not the predominant class at any period, never gave its 'tone' to the community, and did not impose its values, or make its conscious and unconscious assumptions universal, and exerted its political power only by supporting alternatively big capital and labour, without ever really speaking in its own voice. I have a feeling that Alfred Deakin was the epitome of the middle class man in Australian politics, a point which can profitably be discussed when Professor La Nauze publishes his edition of the Deakin papers.

But the trouble is that the Australian middle class has lacked definition, both in history and contemporaneously. There is work to be done in tracing its fortunes. Unquestionably it has a history, but what role has it played? Did it reach its historical peak when its leaders wrote the Constitution? Was its proliferation of distinguished representatives in politics at that time purely fortuitous? How, typically, has the middle class expressed itself? Perhaps not in politics at all. In the professions? What is the social origin of Australia's writers, painters, lawyers, doctors, high business executives? What has it meant to the class that the universities have until lately been largely staffed from overseas?

Has the celebrated Australian 'export of talent' been a characteristic middle class activity? If so, has the middle class decapitated itself, so to speak, in successive generations? Is the changing economic structure of Australia now leading to an expansion and solidification of the middle class? Is the great day of the Australian middle class yet to come? The questions are endless.

If it is accepted that history is the agreed upon record of men in action, we must recognize that men make choices. If men can make meaningful choices, even within narrow limits, then historical inevitability is a dubious idea. However, those who reject rigid inevitability and believe that meaningful choices can be made are well aware that choices are made within contexts, well- or ill-understood, and that history must, among other things, accurately indicate the context of actions in history and understand the range of choices available. Such a presentation can only result in depicting men acting fallibly and not always wisely. But at least they are men acting, not puppets.

It is often said that Australian history is a paradise for the economic determinist. The Australian scene also offers considerable scope for the geographical determinist. But the difficulty with determinisms is that they lead the believer who writes history to emphasize *forces* rather than *men*. The forces are unquestionably operative in the various contexts in which men have acted, but it is a gross psychol gical simplification to portray men as simple creatures of abstract (and, by origin, abstracted) forces. This error leads to the writing of history which the careless reader recognizes as dull and the perceptive reader as false, because no *men* acting are clearly shown. To be meaningful, Australian history should show men acting, and portray with accuracy and insight the context within which they acted. Since Australian men have acted to a wide variety of ends, the opportunities for meaningful historical essays are practically endless. It is not only the main highways of Australian history that will yield themes; there are many rewarding byways as well. I suspect that the unlucky tendency for Australian history to become a monochromatic demonstration of economic determinism is less a reflection of ineluctable reality than a consequence of a fashion of thinking amongst the historians. If the fashion should change, wayfaring readers would be surprised how fascinating the nation's history really is.

C. Hartley Grattan

SECRET SONG

James McAuley

Only your ear could trace
  My spirit's inmost tone;
Meanings that words efface
  Were caught by you alone.

Only your love could find
  In that dark destined lot
To which I was assigned
  The password I forgot.

Only your voice could touch
  So lightly on my pain
As not to rouse too much
  What might not rest again . . .

PROFESSION

Harry Roskolenko

My father worked in a gray, grim abbatoir,
Forcing white sheep through black pens to slaughter;
I watched his eyes go funereal, his breath go strange
As he led the Ram keeping the sheep in order.

When I saw the slaughterer, I knew all mankind.
My stomach was a yellow field, devouring me;
I reviled man's first murderous industry,
Watching the hooves and eyes, my father's perfidy.

I walked strange airs, for my father worked there,
And I became kinder to stray dogs and cats;
For I was too human, too innocent, and lost,
Brooding over flies, spiders, sheep and cats.

Aquila Steel has helped Australian industry build bright, well-ventilated offices and factories for Australian workers.

Artisans, engineers, clerical workers, accountants, executives and managers—all the work force —all share the benefits of modern construction methods.

And for the homes of Australian workers, Aquila Steel provides bronze and aluminium door and window frames of the same high quality.

Weatherproof, rustproof, durable Aquila products make snug winter homes, yet bring indoors the glorious colour and brightness of our summer.

Skilled Australian engineers and artisans work happily at Aquila Steel to give you happy working and living conditions.

AQUILA STEEL CO. PTY. LTD.

(Incorporated in Victoria)

Consulting Engineers and Suppliers of all Structural and Reinforcing Steel

154-164 Euston Road, Alexandria. LA 3387-8-9

JEWISH MYSTICISM

Rudolph Brasch

MYSTICISM is a universal phenomenon. It occupies a specific place in Judaism, where it differs in significant points. Mystical thoughts appear early in Jewish religious literature and are found in Bible, Apocrypha and Talmud. No century of the three thousand years story of the Jewish faith was without its mystical expression, whether in the lives of outstanding individuals, carefully preserved traditions, or a mass movement of pietists who created a new style of religious feeling and conduct.

Mystical consciousness permeates Hebrew Scriptures. In numerous passages and incidents can be found a supreme feeling of the immediacy of God and the inadequacy of human life without Him. Nothing in the world can be trivial. There is a spark of holiness and Divine beauty in everything: waiting for us to discover and redeem it. Knowledge of the Divine is insufficient. The spark must be fanned into a flame.

A wealth of mystical lore and interpretation can be found in the writings of the soldier-historian Josephus, the Hellenist philospher Philo and numerous works of rabbinical exegesis and homilies, composed or collected during the first centuries of our era. Inevitably a system of mystical thought developed and was expressed in specific works, most notable among them The Book of Creation, The Book of Twenty-Two Letters and the literature of The Celestial Palace. They all deal with speculations on the formation of the world, its spiritual basis and the interdependence of the finite and infinite.

Jewish mystical tradition became known as Kabbala, a Hebrew word which has been explained to mean both 'tradition' and 'acceptance'. It was in the sixteenth century that at Safed, in the mountains of Galilee, among the Community of the Devout a new Kabbala was developed, which enkindled mystical passion throughout the world. Within a hundred years catastrophic events in Eastern Europe precipitated a mass movement of mysticism—Chassidism, a term signifying pietism. Its central figure was a simple village teacher, Israel ben Eliezer, whose influence became supreme. He combined a religious fervour with joyful acceptance of the beauty of this world, achieved never before or after. Through him mysticism, usually restricted to exclusive and esoteric circles of initiates, became the property

of the whole people. Man's highest aim was to cleave to God. But to achieve this, he was not required to abandon this world: on the contrary, he was expected to affirm it in a God-centred existence. It was his task to let the Divine immanence emerge from the exile of 'shells'. Every human being possesses a unique quality, something precious which is in no one else, thereby giving him his special responsibility. God does not say, 'This way leads to Me and that does not'. He says, 'Whatever you do may be a way to Me, provided you do it in such a manner that it leads you to Me'. Indeed, God dwells wherever man lets Him in. The ultimate purpose of all human striving is, therefore, to establish an abode of God's spirit wherever we are.

Of all Jewish mystical speculation, however, the most potent and influential became a work which has been described as the Bible of Mysticism. Its name is Zohar—meaning Brightness. Its teachings sum up Jewish mystical thought.

The Zohar was published in the fourteenth century. It first appeared in Spain and was written in Aramaic. Not a single book, it consists of a main text in which are embodied many other writings, some very old and others later additions.

God is 'the Infinite'. Incomprehensible, far beyond human understanding, He is the mystery of mysteries. Yet his grandeur reveals itself in life and everyday existence. His infinite power and love can be discovered in the universe and in the heart.

Co-existent, but joined to His world of the unknown, there is a second world where He shows Himself to the true seeker. These two worlds interpenetrate. They are as the coal and the flame. A piece of coal could exist on its own, yet its latent power becomes apparent only when alight. Equally, the darkness shrouding God's mystery reveals itself only in the second world of light—the cosmos of man. But in dealing with these deepest mysteries, plain language is insufficient. Only symbols can here suggest truths almost beyond the comprehension of the human mind.

Thus man can penetrate ever more deeply into the recesses of God's inmost Self, but eventually his quest is halted and no answer is then vouchsafed unto him. In magnificent simplicity the Zohar describes God at this stage as the appearance of a great question. It calls Him the mystical Who. Its knowledge can never be gained completely. Only at rare and short-lived moments of supreme intuition the human heart may get a glimpse of Him, just as sunbeams play on the surface of water.

The whole universe is not only God's creation, but part of Him. Nothing in life or in the world is separate or isolated. 'Everything is linked with everything else down to the lowest ring on the

chain, and the true essence of God is above as well as below, in the heaven and on the earth, and nothing exists outside Him'. A great unity combines all things, beings and worlds. A chain of reaction rules all life and gives every deed and thought supreme significance as a force for good or evil.

Man is the aim of creation, and the link between God and the universe. The upper and lower worlds find their meeting point in him. The way he lives decides the pattern of existence. His prayer adds power to God, whilst his sin interrupts the flow of Divine grace. Every action of man has thus cosmic significance. 'The impulse from below calls forth that from above.' Everything in life matters. 'Nought drops into a void, neither words nor voice of man!

Always aware of his responsibility and alert to live up to it, at the end of each day man should be able to say, 'I have not wasted my day'. The mystic's speculation of the Divine is complete only if it is expressed in deeds of loving-kindness among men. The way he lives fills the world with Divine love, or sends God's spirit into exile.

He who opens himself up totally to God, like a cistern, is filled with the stream of Divine blessings. There is no division between the material and the spiritual, but rather an unceasing interchange and mutual influence. Man may become estranged from God. He then separates himself from the Divine. But God is all the time waiting for him to return. Yet the first step must be taken by man himself. As soon as he has done so, God's overflowing love will come to meet him with pardon and forgiveness.

Life is a continuous stream. Its course is not predestined but depends on man's choice. Moral power decides human destiny and nothing can surpass individual responsibility. The more people there are, the less we may recognize our own personal share in the shaping of the things to come; yet every one counts and on his action alone may depend humanity's fate. The world scales may be swaying between good and evil and one action, in itself minute, may decide the balance. One single man, by adding just a small bit to the bad scale, can make it preponderate. But a man determined to augment the good can, in an apparently insignificant act, change human history and destiny.

An organized society may be efficient but, if it lacks personal initiative, may become a heartless body where the individual is submerged in the dead sea of personal irresponsibility. To help the needy must never become an impersonal matter, delegated to the community at large. When Isaiah defined true religion, he purposely spoke of man giving of *his* bread to the

poor. He did not say 'bread' in general, but 'your bread', which belongs to you. Only if we take of our own and contribute it to the well-being of others, will we be able to build here on earth a Temple of God. A dehumanized society merely dispenses 'charity', but a community of human beings creates happiness.

The truly pious is possessed by a sense of urgency. He considers each day of his life as if it were his last, and acts accordingly. He will not put off doing the good or righting the wrong. It is here that the Zohar most vividly reflects the specific characteristics of Jewish mysticism. This is not lost in isolated speculation or considered the exclusive property of a selected class. Nor does it turn its back on this world but, facing the eternal secret, affirms life within the community. More essential than the quiet contemplation of the Divine, and even ecstatic vision, is a continuous and ever-strengthening attachment to God; and however exalted man's communion with the Divine, it is incomplete unless it is accompanied by actions of love and goodness towards man.

More powerful than human wisdom is the goodness of man's heart. Yet Jewish mysticism recognized the importance of knowledge, and never regarded it as a danger to faith. Only he who who lacks real education turns swiftly to atheism. A truly learned man does not easily lose his belief in God. 'A river filled with water does not freeze as quickly as a river with little water'.

Religion should not be sombre or dismal; it needs joy. 'There are halls in the heavens above that open up only to the voice of song'. Nothing in life is purely of this world. Every material aspect can be spiritualized. Even the most mundane can be lifted up into the realm of holiness. Prayer is a bridge that carries man to God. Its possibilities are unlimited. It is not a stereotyped ceremonial to be followed automatically, but a soaring of the human heart to celestial heights. What the lighting spark is to fuel, prayer is to man: it lifts him up to the world of light.

The Zohar does not deny the existence of evil. It is 'the left side' of the cosmos, surrounding existence as a shell encloses the kernel of the fruit. On its own, however, evil is dead and powerless. Only man's sin can make it active and strong. Evil can never be isolated. Unless eliminated altogether, it will finally rule us. It never stays at one place but is like a cake of yeast. 'The yeast is placed at one spot in the dough, but it ferments throughout it.' At first we seem to be its master. It is then like iron, as yet cold. But if not driven out, 'it soon becomes molten within thee, as if transformed by fire'.

Even misfortune has its purpose. 'Man does not know the taste of the sweet, until he has known the bitter'. It is a fallacy,

however, to believe that the experience of suffering makes a bad man better. It may terrify him for a moment, but soon afterwards he will become as evil as before.

Most significant in man is his soul. It dominates his whole being. Man is man only because of his soul. Endowed with the unique gift of acquiring new and deeper power it can attain three different grades, depending on the degree of spiritual devotion social action and understanding of Divine teaching. Only the perfect mystic, who completely absorbs the mystery of God's revelation, acquires 'the holy soul' which, as part of God's intellect, is totally Divine.

All souls have been in existence since the creation of the world and are hidden in the womb of eternity. The entry of each individual soul into the human body is one of life's enigmas. But once having taken possession of the mundane shell, its purpose is to lead man in mystic speculation and right action. There is a transmigration of souls. The union of husband and wife, for instance, is in reality the rediscovery of two souls which were united before birth.

The final aim of all history is the Messianic Age. A coming together and cosmic union of all that is 'above' and 'below', a complete fusion of all that is separate and divided, it will establish an everlasting rule of peace. But its coming will be preceded by a world conflict of unsurpassed horror that will threaten the very survival of the Jewish people. Christian and Moslem nations will then battle with each other, to be conquered and annihilated by a third world power, whose identity the Zohar does not reveal. Then, at long last, the whole world will be purified. The most hidden secrets will become the property of all and an all-redeeming love will unite the whole universe.

Certainly, the Zohar contains odd, absurd and superstitious beliefs that at times threaten to darken the purity and clarity of Judaism. Yet the totality of its philosophy, ignoring the time-conditioned crudities, makes it a work of sublime thought with a message for all time, but especially for our modern world.

Reason is not all-powerful. Religion is not solely a matter of the intellect. The Zohar brings back into religion, which has become too rationalized, a depth of faith and warmth of feeling. It makes those people for whom God has become remote in celestial heights, realize that His Spirit fills the whole universe and can be experienced—and even enriched!—by everybody.

To a world of secularized living and materialist outlook, the Zohar speaks of the spirituality of all things, of the Divine spark imprisoned everywhere, from atom to star, from the inanimate

to man himself—waiting to be redeemed. To an age of specialization and divisions it teaches the unity of all life and the necessity of re-establishing its harmony and oneness, broken up by man's sin. Its fervent belief in the interrelation of all things gives man a place of supreme importance and responsibility. The way he lives decides the destiny not only of humanity but of the universe.

Next to the mystery of God stands the duty of man. On its fulfilment depends the destiny of this world and even the coming of the Messianic Age. Every single individual must feel that on him, and on him alone, may hang humanity's fate. His weakness may spell disaster, whilst the simple action of a humble man may prove as important as the deed of the most God-intoxicated. Magnificent in poetry and profound in meaning, the Zohar likens the 'Temple of the Messiah' to a bird's nest, an expression that developed into a parable which impressed countless generations and may sum up the Zohar's philosophy and Jewish mysticism:—

A bird of rare beauty passed the Royal palace and then descended there on one of the loftiest trees to build its nest. The king saw it and set his heart on owning the beautiful creature. He gathered his courtiers and made them form a human ladder, one standing on the shoulders of the other, so that the man standing uppermost may reach and capture the bird. Naturally he had chosen only the strongest of his men. Yet when only one of them weakened, all collapsed and fell to the ground. By the fault of one man the king's wish remained unfulfilled and the bird's nest untouched.

A significant message is contained in this parable. 'The man of holiness depends on the support of lesser men and the latter depend on men of even lowlier quality to attain the summit of sanctity and to bring down God's love.' It does not matter who we are. If one of us weakens all have to suffer and humanity's striving for the good will remain unfulfilled. A simple moment of neglect, of forgetfulness of our individual duty, breaks the link; the structure, built perhaps through many laborious years, tumbles down. However close mankind may have been to grasping the treasure of complete happiness, all effort has been annulled. The seeker for God's kingdom must start anew.

Rudolph Brasch

ODE TO THE SUPERNAL SWAN

Harold Stewart

In Memory of
Shrī Rāmakrishna Paramahangsa
and
Bhagavān Shrī Rāmana Mahārshi

Monarch of Swans! who mount aloft on pinions
Fledged with Himālaya's range on range of snows,
Spread their purity wide, and rise to seek
The sky-blue Infinite, your true dominions!
Immortal Sovereign, soar alone to those
Realms where the golden lightning from your beak
Is sunrise striking on Kailāsa's peak!

Incomparable Snowbird, now forsake
Your frozen limitations, breaking free
From icy bondage to identity!
Warmed by the dawning of compassion, wake,
Awake, while yet alive! The day is bright
With wisdom. Thunder overhead, and shake
Sheer avalanches loose beneath your flight!

Lord of the Mountain Lakes, although at home
On earthly waters, leave your sentient nest
Obscured in sleep below! Arise and roam,
A wild and homeless wanderer, in quest
Of your divine inheritance; nor rest
Until as ruler you attain the rare
Cerulean regions of enlightened air!

Silver Miracle of Release, aspire
Through nebulously dreaming levels, higher,
Higher, till you escape into the clear
Luminous void, beyond the atmosphere;
And wing away with smoothly rhythmic grace
Above these glacier-sided isles that spire
Out of the cloudy surging sea of space,

To guard behind precipitous walls of ice
The last retreat on earth of paradise.
Surveying high horizons, sapphire-hued,
Illimitable in distance, that elude
All but your lofty contemplation, range
Oceans of soundless peace, unstirred by change,
Without a second in your solitude.

Fan out your tail, an ice-cascade, to slow
Your spiritual ascent, and so alight!
As though from Everest's primordial tower
Of cold, the ascetic winds had ceased to blow
Its prayer-flag's flying blast of powdered snow;
Lower your mighty wings, and reunite
Their twofold span of Principle and Power!

O Liberated Spirit, lost to sight,
See how voluminous vapours mass and mound
Those ivory cliffs and chasms that astound
The wondering mind with whiteness; and invite
Imagination to explore, elate,
Tumultous clouds, whose mountains culminate
Majestic in accumulated might!

For Vishwakarma, Heaven's Architect,
Laying foundations on the baseless blue,
Wills his invisible Vision to erect
Fabulous Brahmapura, piled anew
Dome upon dome, till the imperial height
Of summer is surmounted by the white
Celestial City towering into view!

Artisan to the Gods, he moulds with ease
Cloud-cupolas, whose alabaster foams
Slow masonry to build their pleasure-domes
And palaces with airy balconies;
Temples that form and transiently freeze,
On terraced courts above the bathing-stair
Where sacred Ganges falls to Shiva's hair!

So, when your skyward aspirations fold,
Inform the snowy plumage of a cloud;
Behind whose foaming amplitude, behold!
The Solar Radiance explodes! The loud
Triumph of Light suffuses royal gold
Through the crevasses of your billowing down!
O hidden Dawn, whose aura sets a crown

Of glowing sunspokes round your noble head,
Solemnly raised against the topless sky!
Now from a molten brow of cloud you shed
The glorious Revelation of your Eye!
Sunburst of Wonder! Joy's excess of light
Dazzles with darkness, lest our mortal sight,
O Blaze of Being, gaze on you and die!

O Empyrean Ship, O Cosmic Swan,
Often your swelling sails of vapour bear
The four-faced World-Creator through the air!
Barque of Brahmā, set sail in state upon
Mānasarōvar, Mind's ethereal lake
Of burning azure! How serenely there,
Leaving exalted morning in your wake,

You glide, supreme and peerless and apart;
Or breast the ether's shoreless blue, to wake
Ripples of rapture through the bhaktic Heart!
When in its lotus-petals' opening mood
Of fresh devotion and delight, you take
Your shining bath, the sadhu is renewed
And ravished by your pure beatitude.

Bend with a slender dignity and dip
Your neck in downward curvature, to sip
The blissful stillness from the sky-lagoon;
To which resplendant Sūrya drives at noon
To cool his chariot's incandescent tyre;
And Chandra stoops to fill with silver fire
The life-distilling chalice of the moon.

Drink of this deep translucence, brimming with
The deathless Sōma of poetic myth;
Before your bill, which in its golden clip
Upholds a necklace strung with lunar pearls,
Lets the creative Sound in dewdrops slip,
Crystal and milk and rose; for where they drip,
Galaxies grow from their concentric swirls.

O Solitary Guru, God-like Friend
And Guardian within, whom all revere;
While with that pendant you are garlanded,
Impart to your initiate's secret ear
The mantric rosary whose letters blend
Their music on the Atmā's silent thread,
Which is beginningless and has no end.

While upon everlasting calm you float
Reflected in Illusion, and partake
Of heavenly perfection from the lake;
Oh, like a silver trumpet, lift your throat
For joy, outpouring as you pass along
In Māyā's mirror, lovely but remote,
The white exultant silence of your song:

"I am that Vital Beauty, who assume
Down for a cygnet, or a comet's plume;
The One and Only Life, who transmigrate
Through myriads of feathered lives, for whom
I am their Fire, numinous yet innate:
In sacrificial splendour all their days
Burn on the Vedic altars to my praise!

When I expire, out of my spacious sigh,
Far festivals of stars to fill the sky;
Unending is my worship, where the night's
Procession waves its countless rows of lights,
Chanting in adoration: 'THAT AM I!'
Though in a moment, my inspiring Breath
Stifles their sparks in universal death!"

Hence, in a snow-white ecstasy, your wings
Have flown, O World-transcending Bird of birds!
O Word beyond recapture by the words
Of poets! From our voices fade, forlorn,
Those tones of light; for Paramātmā sings
Its swansong only when the primal Dawn
Shines forth, or Dissolution's dusk is drawn.

Sonorous-throated Flier, winged with time,
May your uprushing beat that ever nears
The Metacosmic Zenith, swiftly climb
To reach its starry pole, the hemisphere's
Bright Omniformal Point! Time disappears
Into Eternity, the formless vast
Where midnight's glittering heavens are surpassed!

So two of India's heaven-scaling saints,
Guided by flashing Intuitions, sought
Above the ice-bound pinnacles of thought,
Your Central Mountain, present everywhere;
On which the embodied spirit, falling, faints
With awe and altitude; and does not dare
Inspire its freedom from that breathless air.

Most holy, most illumined Devotee,
First of all pilgrims whose impartial feet
Trod the diverse Traditions' each degree
To where their narrow paths converge and meet:
Sumēru's blinding summit! Blizzard-blown,
You climbed the final steep, and stood alone
Amid the deep-blue dome's immensity!

O Master-Sage, O wise and blessed Lord,
Who, as the darkening cycle of our time
Rolls down into the gulf of Substance, soared
Out of this world! Your life, at once sublime
And simple, taught our wingless selves to fly
In Self-enquiry, with your swan-like cry
Of '*Who* am I? Who *am* I? Who am *I*?'

BUILDING PRODUCTS include:

Cane-ite Insulating Wallboard
Cane-ite Lino Base
Cane-ite Ceiling Batts
Cane-ite Acousti-Tile
Low Density Cane-ite
Gyprock Plaster Wallboard
Ceil-Sound Plaster Acoustic-Tile
Concord and Brunswick Plasters
Fibrock Flat Sheets
Fibrock Corrugated Roofing
Fibrock Asbestos Cement Sidings
De Luxe Fibrock Waterproof Wallboard
(in Six Colours)
Asbestos Millboard
Timbrock Hardboard
C.S.R. Floor Tiles (asphalt type)
C.S.R. Vinylflex Floor Tiles
(vinyl plastic asbestos)

Manufactured by
THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
Building Materials Division

Showrooms at: Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Hobart, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth.

LETTER FROM AUSTRIA

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

EUROPE is, in every sense of the term, a problematic world, and one of its most problematic countries is undoubtedly Austria, which the foreigner frequently finds hard to 'place'. There was no country, no nation called Austria before 1804, when Francis II, Holy Roman Emperor of the Habsburg-Lorraine dynasty, assumed the artificial title of Emperor of Austria and, two years later, gave up the one of *Sacra Maiestas Romana*. The Holy Roman Empire, for centuries, had been nothing but Germany with frills, and thus 1806 marks the end of what later historians call the First Reich. Still, between 1815 and 1866, the Austrian Emperors remained the leaders of the German League, and only the Prussian victories at Königgrätz (Sadowa) 1866, and Sedan 1870, resulted in a second Reich with the exclusion of Austria and under the blundering leadership of Berlin. The fatal year 1918 saw the collapse of the Austrian or, to be more precise, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and henceforth the Austrian label is used for the German-speaking Alpine fragment of a big Empire. In 1938 Austria was reunited with Germany and this amalgamation was broken up again in 1945. The policy of the victorious Allies was essentially guided by the idea of 'restoration' like that of another victorious alliance in 1815: today it is democracy that is cast for the unenviable role of the restored Bourbons.

It lies in the nature of restorations, engineered from the outside after military defeats, that they rarely evoke a genuine echo in the hearts of the citizenry. The writer of these lines, now forty-seven years of age, was born a subject of Emperor Francis Joseph and then became successively a citizen of the first Austrian Republic, the Christian-Corporate State, the Third Reich, and the second democratic republic. These revolutionary evolutions were accompanied by changes not only in the way of life, in the legislation, and in the constitution, but also in the very symbolism of the nation. Thus the coat of arms, hymns, currencies, and flags varied from decade to decade with the net result that Austrians have a *Heimat*, a homeland to which they often are attached by sentiments, but not a *fatherland* to which they owe a firm political allegiance. A trauma was inflicted in 1918 when, one night, the Austrians went to bed as members of Europe's second largest empire and woke up as the citizens of

a dwarfed republic in which every third citizen was a Viennese. From this personally experienced or inherited, conscious or subconscious trauma suffered by us or our parents, we have never recovered. Though the newspapers, the radio, and all public pronouncements emphasize little Austria's independence, the insider knows that Austrians do not possess the virtues and vices necessary to constitute another Switzerland, but that, for better or for worse, they are an 'Imperial' people. Among the treasures in Vienna's ancient castle are *two* crowns, not one: the older crown of the Germanic Holy Roman Empire and the newer one, made in the seventeenth century, which served as a beloved symbol for the Austrian Empire. These two crowns are symbolic for the Austrian dilemma, for a country (I would not say a nation) looking alternatively east- and westward. There is an inner conflict between these two tendencies which is complicated by the fact that those who are attracted by the West —by Germany—are motivated by very different reasons. The pan-German nationalists of the nineteenth century pattern dream of a unitary Germany in which Austria would play only a modest role, whereas others view the establishment of a larger German Federal unit under the Habsburgs as a work of historical *renovation*, which is something different from a mere restoration. Such a solution not only would provide Austria with an important role in the Germanies; it would also give a certain satisfaction to the pan-German element in the Austrian middle classes. At the same time it would help to prevent a new rise of Prussia, a rise which would be a German no less than a European calamity. Even if the Confederation of European States becomes a reality tomorrow, the problem of a 'healthy centre' (which, geographically, means the Germanies) must be solved in a supranational way. In order to have peace in a house one has to distribute and locate the apartments in the right way: a solid roof is not enough.

These reflections, of course, refer in a way to plans and visions for the more remote future, but at the same time they highlight the terrible void in which we all live. The void makes itself felt especially among the young in their teens, the *Halbstarke*, the semi-criminal 'half-strong', who are, just as in Germany, turning into a problem for their parents, for the community, the state, and the police. They are the bitter fruit of prosperity and the ignorance of what to do with their excess energy. There has been a religious revival in Austria, but only in the case of the mystic is the heart and the mind of the human person fully dominated by metaphysics. Man normally thirsts for ideals in

the social and political order, yet politics in the last twenty years have brought such misery to Central Europe that today's youth, deviating from the attitude of their forbears, still recoils from political interests. Only in the last year one could feel a revival of the old preoccupation with political questions by the young. The lack of *engagement* has created this curious nihilism marking a wave of criminality characterized by vandalism. It is interesting, however, to note that there already has been a noticeable reaction to the wave of 'Rock n' Roll'. The echo to the reintroduction of compulsory military service surprised friends as well as foes of this law; almost a quarter of the draftees chose the fifteen months' period of service in preference to the nine months' one. This means, in other words, that our youth is becoming fed up with the material pleasures of civilian life. It also signifies that the appeal of a new political movement demanding self-sacrifice would meet with a strong response. To make a long story short: the Austrians have settled down cosily on the brink of an abyss and are beginning to get bored.

This boredom, it is true, was rudely interrupted by the events in Hungary. Precisely one year after the evacuation of Eastern Austria by Soviet troops the Hungarian rising took place and with the reverses of the heroic revolutionaries a flood of escapees crossed the Austrian border. The Austrians, to their own surprise, showed remarkable courage in the face of Russian threats and generously aided, housed, and fed the hapless Hungarians. Even the Socialists declared solemnly that Austria's neutrality is of a military and political, but not of a moral character. A *permanent* haven also was promised to thirty thousand newcomers, no mean offer from a nation of seven millions at a time when the United States showed itself ready to accept a mere twenty-one thousand.

The events in Hungary re-cemented the coalition between the People's Party (*Volkspartei*), unofficially a Catholic organization, and the Socialists. Before the 'events' there had been a certain amount of talk about a possible break-up of the coalition and an alliance between the *Oe.V.P.*, the *Volkspartei*, and the *F.P.Oe.*, the tiny National-Liberal party with slight Nazi innuendos. This would give the People's Party the necessary if slim majority. Such an 'adventure' is conceivable because the dynamism, the courage, and the hopefulness of the *Volkspartei* have greatly increased since the elections in 1956, and also the readiness to engage on a course of its own.

These elections were highly symptomatic and merit a short analysis. They had been *forced* by the Socialists, who were

convinced the times favoured them and they, at long last, could gain a relative if not an absolute majority. (The latter is a rare event on the Continent since an absolute majority of a single party—believing in absolute values and usually having extreme aims—frequently terminates the whole 'democratic process' by establishing a one-party dictatorship.) The *Volkspartei* was deadly afraid of the challenge and entered the struggle in a spirit of near-defeatism. Yet, it became increasingly evident that the Socialist propaganda was ineffective, this for the simple reason that Socialism is badly lacking in new ideas. So far the Catholic People's Party always had been rather apologetic about 'Capitalism', *i.e.*, a free market economy and free enterprise. This time, egged on by a number of economists who well understood the signs of the time, they switched from a purely cultural and 'patriotic' propaganda to one directly and frankly praising and defending free enterprise as well as governmental aid to large families. (There was a mutual, tacit agreement not to drag religion into the discussion.) For the first time in Austrian history the election campaign waged by the 'Right' has been an intelligent one and even before people went to the polls it had become obvious to all and sundry that the Socialist advance was stopped. Even the decline of Communist votes did not benefit the Socialists who barely maintained their hold while the People's Party gained half of the votes of the National Liberals whom the Socialists had hoped to win over. The *Volkspartei* got much of its new support from the young generation and in Vienna, the Big Red Fortress, the Socialists suffered real defections. All of which points to the fact that Socialism, apart from certain features of the welfare state, subscribed to by other parties as well, has nothing new to offer. On the European continent Socialism has proved a failure economically; Germany's *Soziale Marktwirtschaft* (Social-Minded Free Market Economy) is trumps. Austria is booming as never before; and the basic reason is neither government spending nor even a huge armament industry. The fully employed worker's family can save, can invest. Bonds in Central Europe yield anything between five and eight percent. A 'Distributist capitalism' for the little man is in the offing.

The immediate reaction of the Socialists after their defeat was a re-examination of their old programme. At first it seemed that their right wing would have to carry the main blame for the party's failure at the polls. For a while in 1956 it seemed as if the Marxist radicals would come to the fore; they tried to explain that the betrayal of the original Socialist programme

had been the cause of the reversal at the elections, but then the Hungarian Revolution silenced them completely. For centuries it has been considered legitimate by all 'progressive' people to behead a king. Only reactionary sentimentalists would have protested such a 'natural' act. Merely hopeless romantics would have thought it worthwhile to bemoan the fate of guillotined aristocrats. 'Everybody' knew that the bourgeois was ripe, over-ripe for the bullet fired through the nape of his neck and only the died-in-the-wool clerical really minded the massacre of priests, nuns, or ministers. The slaughter of kulaks was a measure the squeamish alone would deplore. There was only one type of human being truly representing mankind and this was the working class. Now the Russians in Hungary fired at workers, deported, executed and incarcerated them. Because of this sacrilege the Russians and their Communism are 'through' and this moral debacle also affects and paralyses the Socialist Left, which never could entirely forget its common ancestry with the Communists and could never completely suppress its Muscovite sympathies.

The *Volkspartei* had no easy time in persuading their Socialist coalition partners to co-operate in the extremely difficult unscrambling of the nationalized-enterprises omelette. Trying to live up to its election campaign promise of making the wealth of these enterprises accessible to the broad public the government will now issue 'People's Shares' of about twenty U.S dollars each. The oil industry is next on this 'distributist' programme.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

SUPPLICATION

May Sumser-Ali

O beauty, ever let me be
Bewildered into pain by thee,
And when my heart is seared with pain,
Surprise me into joy again.
O beauty, bind me, set me free;
Make light and dark one entity.

ATLANTIC
SIGNS OF QUALITY
SYMBOLS OF SERVICE
Esso

Mirrored symbolically in the glistening surface of an oil-drop is a partnership without which today's world could not go on. This is the fruitful partnership of the oil industry and man's myriad machines. Engineering ingenuity, continually devising new machines, must be matched by oil-industry skill in producing new lubricating oils, so that these machines may run.

Atlantic has played a major role in serving these machines. This is the partnership that everywhere powers the march towards prosperity and a better way of life. It is the very source and fount of progress itself!

ATLANTIC

Ins.4-55

ATLANTIC UNION OIL COMPANY PTY. LIMITED

THE BAUHAUS—ITS BEGINNINGS

L. Hirschfeld-Mack

IN the years of ferment after the First World War an institution came to life in Germany which has had a world-wide influence on art and culture, the celebrated Bauhaus. Is it an impossible fantasy that to-day in post-war Australia the opportunity exists for an analogous enterprise, by which a concentration of talent and idealism and strict study would be brought to bear on fundamental problems of design, using national and international resources? It is in this hope that the following reminiscences are set down for Australian readers.

The Bauhaus, an Art and Architectural School, was founded in the year 1919. Although the school was forced to close its doors when the Nazis came to power, the Bauhaus is not dead. It lives and grows through the men and women who made it, both teachers and students, through their designs, their books, their methods, their principles and their philosophy of art and education.

Bauhaus means 'Bau' to build, including the idea of creating in a spiritual sense, and 'haus', meaning the house or building. The word Bauhaus came to be used to describe the modern style of building and interior decoration in Germany, but the word 'style' would have been rejected by the founders of the Bauhaus, as they were opposed to the use of any of the classical styles and to any ornamentation on contemporary houses, churches or buildings, on furniture and interior decoration.

To speak of a 'Bauhaus' style would be to revert to the cultural paralysis of the nineteenth century with its 'free styles', which meant that any style could be applied to any building. The functional foundation of design was just as full of changing possibilities as our technical age and Alexander Dorner wrote in the Bauhaus Book: 'We believe that we have only just glimpsed the great potentialities of this technical age and that the Bauhaus idea has only begun to make its way'.

Gropius wrote in his *Architecture and the Bauhaus*: 'The object of the Bauhaus was not to propagate any 'style', system, dogma, formula, or vogue, but simply to exert a revitalizing influence on design. We did not base our teaching on any pre-conceived idea of form, but sought the vital spark of life

behind life's everchanging forms. The Bauhaus was the first institution in the world to embody this principle in a definite curriculum. To further the cause of its ideals, and maintain the vigour and alertness of that community spirit in which imagination and reality can alone be fused, it had to assume the responsibilities of leadership. A 'Bauhaus Style' would have been a confession of failure and a return to that very stagnation which I had called it into being to combat'.

There are however still many people, mainly those with their roots in the last century, who think that the present age has no style whatsoever, but there are signs that style is emerging. If we consider the objects typical of our age, we find they have certain characteristics in common. The aeroplane, the turbine, the electric light bulb, the girder bridge, these have a spiritual relationship; the principle of using a minimum of material for a maximum achievement. Their formal characteristics are clean lines, an impression of speed and power, a metallic orderliness and discipline. There is no decoration on them. Since these are typical products of our age, we may presume that when style fully emerges, it will reveal similar characteristics on all kinds of production; houses, furniture, right through all household equipment to the last knife and fork.

Let us try to examine the reasons for the development of a new style, for instance, the beginning of the Gothic or the Renaissance. We find the actual forms of Art have been the result of many circumstances, such as the religious and social situation, new discoveries in science, new inventions, the discovery of the use of new materials. But the most important impulse was a great enthusiasm for a new or renewed world, a great faith in the future and in the belief that mankind does progress.

This enthusiasm was certainly one of the main driving powers during those first years at the Bauhaus and this spirit persisted. The historical background of the Bauhaus was the stormy atmosphere following the defeat of the German Army in 1918. The fact that Germany was a defeated country is important. The Bauhaus would certainly not have been possible had the Kaiser won the war. He was opposed to modern art and when he visited a modern Art Exhibition in Southern Germany, he said: 'I do not wish that such modern art enters my Prussian countries'.

On the other hand, why didn't England, France or America develop a similar institution after the war? I asked this question of Fernand Léger in Paris in 1923: 'Why don't you develop a modern Art School such as the Bauhaus? You have the best artists in the world, you have won the war, you have the means to

develop such an institution'. He answered sadly and bitterly that the atmosphere in victorious France was chauvinistic, reactionary and conservative, that no new way of life could be the outcome of that situation. He said he was jealous of the situation in Germany after a lost war—to be able to build anew.

Nevertheless the Bauhaus was not connected with any narrow national or particular political beliefs. It was not a typical German school, it was very definitely an international school, dealing with problems that concerned all people and that is probably one of the reasons for its world-wide success.

The founder of the Bauhaus was Walter Gropius, the architect. He was born in 1883. His father and great-uncle were distinguished German architects and from his earliest years Walter Gropius planned to follow in the family tradition. He went through the usual German schools and technical high schools and after travelling for two years, especially in Spain, and also in England and Italy, he returned to Germany where he learned more in architects' offices than he had done in schools. He entered the office of the most advanced architect, Peter Behrens. In those years his theories developed rapidly.

In 1910 he was commissioned to build a factory in Alfeld. There he was free to work without reference to the architecture of the past and he did so with thoroughness and distinction. This Alfeld factory was an epoch-making work, with its great walls of windows and its completely regular design, devoid of decorative features. It may be considered the most advanced piece of architecture in Germany before the First World War.

After the war, in 1919, Gropius was made Director of the Grand Ducal Art School at Weimar. This soon developed into the famous Bauhaus. In 1925-1926 the Bauhaus moved to Dessau, where Gropius was ready to undertake the largest modern project he had thus far executed, the building of the school itself.

The Bauhaus, complete with houses for the staff, was finished in 1926 and remains today one of the most impressive examples of modern architecture. The functional articulation of the plan, the bold ribbons and walls of glass, the masterly combination of a variety of rhythms of regularity to produce a composition at once rich and serene, have hardly been surpassed.

Unfortunately the Bauhaus was closed by the Nazis in 1933. A year later Walter Gropius left Germany and went to England where he tried in vain to gain a foothold. In 1937 he went to America as head of the Department of Architecture at Harvard University, one of the most important and influential architectural positions in America.

How did the Bauhaus attract the right type of artists and students? It was in 1919 that Gropius published his proclamation of the school in all the newspapers. The prospectus of the Bauhaus had a woodcut by Lionel Feininger on the cover. A highly stylized symbolic picture of a cathedral with three stars. The whole woodcut is composed in a way similar to a fugue by Bach, based on a theme of a few angles repeated in variations.

The proclamation contained the following: 'The complete building is the final aim of the visual arts. Their noblest function was once the decoration of buildings. Today they exist in isolation, from which they can be rescued only through the conscious, co-operative effort of all craftsmen. Architects, painters and sculptors must recognize anew the composite character of a building as an entity. Only then will their work be imbued with the architectonic spirit which it has lost as Salon art. Architects, sculptors, painters, we must all turn to the crafts. Art is not a "profession". There is no essential difference between the artist and the craftsman. The artist is an exalted cratsman. In rare moments of inspiration, moments beyond the control of his will, the grace of heaven may cause his work to blossom into art. But proficiency in his craft is essential to every artist. Therein lies the source of creative imagination. Let us create a new guild of craftsmen, without the class distinctions which raise an arrogant barrier between craftsman and artist. Together let us conceive and create the new building of the future, which can embrace architecture and sculpture and painting in one unity and which will rise one day towards heaven from the hands of a million workers like the crystal symbol of a new faith'.

Many students from all over Europe and later some from America arrived to study at the Bauhaus. But nobody worried about nationality or race. All were regarded as brothers and sisters and a friendly comradeship united all members of the Bauhaus. The students were between the ages of seventeen and forty, most of them in their early twenties; two thirds of them were men, half of whom had served in the army during the war. Bauhaus members came from all social classes and they were of an unusual and colourful appearance, some still in uniform, some barefooted, some with the long beards of the artist or ascetic; some came from youth movements. Nearly all were poor and had to earn their living at the Bauhaus by producing saleable goods in the workshops. There were a few students of very rich parents and they helped financially those who had nothing. This help was given spontaneously and very often in such a way that the receiver did not know who the giver was.

It was a very mixed crowd at the Bauhaus in the early days, but all united in one aim, the seeking of a new way of life, a new architecture and new surroundings and a definite negation of all those forces which had caused the First World War. Thus every kind of tradition became questionable, not only the traditional way of building houses and decorating them, but also education, clothing, food, everyday habits, even the manner of greeting each other and so on.

Experiments were made in gardening methods, in developing new food habits, styles of clothing, forms of dancing and music played on unusual, home made instruments. We arranged and developed new kinds of festivals such as a kite festival when we marched in procession, with hundreds of school children through Weimar to the top of a hill. The Bauhaus band led the procession and all the children carried home made kites. When we reached the hill a competition in kite flying was held. Masters, students and children made the kites in various Bauhaus workshops at the beginning of autumn each year. Every conceivable shape of kite was made and each was decorated with fantastic designs. There were lantern festivals when hundreds of lanterns made in the workshops were carried through the streets at night time to the market place. There were dances nearly every Saturday night when fantastic masks and costumes, prepared by the theatre group were worn. These dances were held in gaily decorated halls and became so popular that many people from Weimar and nearby towns began to attend. The decorations and costumes for each dance were of a distinctive character with an artistic theme. The Bauhaus band consisted at first of an accordion, some xylophones and some home made percussion instruments. The atmosphere of these festivals was happy and gay as everybody tried to contribute his best to them. The gaiety and enthusiasm seemed therefore to spring from within those participating and not from any artificial stimulation.

A very interesting Seminar was held during those early years. It was under the leadership of Paul Klee and Wasily Kandinsky and others. They sought to discover the reactions of individuals to certain proportions, linear and colour compositions. Large charts were prepared and masters and students stood in a circle round the charts which were placed on the floor. They each made independent investigation of colours qualities and a most stimulating discussion followed.

In order to find out whether there is a universal law of psychological relationship between form and colour, we sent out about a thousand postcards to a cross section of the community asking

them to fill in three elementary shapes, the triangle, square and circle with three primary colours, red, yellow and blue, using one colour only for each shape. The result was an overwhelming majority for yellow in the triangle, red in the square and blue in the circle. This was only one of the many problems which was tackled at this seminar.

We experimented for two years with reflected light compositions to control actual movement of light shapes in rhythmic succession, colours, points, lines, etc., on a screen until mastery of this possible future art was successfully achieved. A special and complicated apparatus was invented for this purpose and hand-manipulated by four students who played their parts from a specially written manuscript. The music was written to form a unity with the rhythmic movements. Yellow, red and blue in glowing intensity, blended with light silvery grey colours moved about in varying tempi on the dark background of a transparent screen. They appeared at one moment as angular forms, triangles, squares, polygons; then as curved shapes, circles, arcs and wavelike patterns; they joined and created overlappings and colour blendings as a result. These Reflected Light Compositions were produced in German theatres in Berlin and Hamburg and at a Music Festival in Vienna in 1923 where they were shown with Fernand Léger's experimental films.

All this is but a glimpse of the many activities of the Bauhaus as the writer knew it during the first four years.

L. Hirschfeld-Mack

Thirty Years Later: Abstract Expressionism

A Painter Explains:

The meaning is in the series of relationships, the pressures, the visual shifts. I don't feel the need of everyday objects in my work, though I wouldn't resent them if they appeared.

James Brooks in TIME 21 January 1957

Comments from the Dead:

I like to think—yes I feel sure—that a future is coming in which we shall condemn as black magic, as the brainless irresponsible product of intellect, all art which is not controlled by the intellect.

Thomas Mann in THE NATION 10 December 1938

Our abstract art is not an iconography of transcendental forms but a realistic picture of a disintegrated mentality.

A. K. Coomaraswamy, FIGURES OF SPEECH OR FIGURES OF THOUGHT 1946

What is "BIG BUSINESS"?

Does Big Business tend to stifle individual enterprise? Is Big Business a threat to men with more ambition than capital?

Surely the answer depends on the outlook and character of the Big Business involved.

Nestlé's is Big Business. But Nestlé's makes and sells food products; products wanted and needed by everyday men and women. These products, in the main, are sold by small businesses; by small stores dotted here, there and everywhere all over Australia; in small towns and smaller townships; in cafes, shops and kiosks.

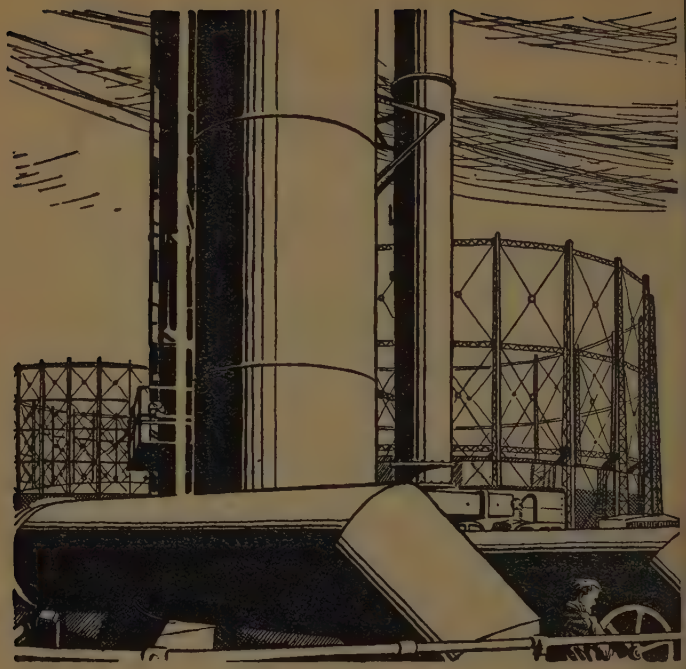
In simple terms, it's the small business that makes Nestlé's big. Nestlé's continuously studies the needs, problems and requirements of small businesses. No small part of the company's time and energy is spent in helping small businesses to increase turnover and earnings.

True, this is another form of enlightened self-interest. It is, nevertheless, an answer to the questions posed in the first paragraph of this advertisement.

NESTLÉ'S

Makers of Fine Food Products

NG1.87



EFFICIENCY

is the reason why

GAS COSTS LESS

Your Gas Company, the A.G.L., operates one of the largest gas-making plants in the world, and the price you pay here is amongst the lowest of any country for manufactured gas. In fact, in Sydney, you pay about half as much for gas as you pay for other fuels. This low price is due to your Gas Company's efficiency and modern planning and production methods.

IT PAYS TO USE GAS

AROUND THE AUSTRALIAN PERIODICALS

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

The Edge, a new monthly edited by Noel Stock appeared in October 1956. On the showing of the first issue the price of nine shillings a copy is asking a lot. The venture lives under the inspiration of Ezra Pound and exhibits the Master's concern with certain classical standards and sources qualified by indulgence in autodidactic vagaries and various kinds of ratbaggery, including anti-semitism. The second issue, re-named simply *Edge*, is entirely taken up with three essays by Thaddeus Zielinski, who regards ancient Greek-Roman religion as the genuine Old Testament or preparatory dispensation to Christianity, not Judaism.

A welcome newcomer is *Australian Wines & Food Quarterly* which appeared in December. It is edited by Donald Wallace and sold at 4s.6d. The first issue has an article by Clive Turnbull saying: 'The best Australian dry red and white wines are as good as all but the greatest of European wines, and usually a good deal better than the equivalent wines you now get in France or Germany'; and that 'Australian red wines are, generally speaking, better than Australian white wines'. This is good propaganda for the public which is too little appreciative, but not for the Australian wine-makers who should be urged to do better yet.

Meanjin's editor, C. B. Christesen, has gone abroad for a year. In his absence a committee headed by Dr. Geoffrey Serle will carry on.

Voice has fallen silent after five years struggle for financial security. Harold Levien devoted himself at some sacrifice to editing the magazine, which had a generally New-Statesmanlike complexion of ideas and sentiments. He showed sincerity and courage, not least when he criticized Dr. Evatt over the Petrov affair.

HOW RESPECTABLE WERE OUR CONVICT ANCESTORS?

Professor C. Manning Clark's article 'The Origins of the Convicts Transported to Australia, 1787-1852' in *Historical Studies*, Vol. vii, No. 26, seeks to correct the partly falsified favourable picture of our convict ancestors as mainly agricultural labourers who were not habitual criminals but driven into casual crime by need and exploitation. He points out first that the decisive influx was not in the early years but between 1815 and 1840 or later. The convicts in this period are not more or less inoffensive victims of rural poverty and a savage criminal law. The number transported for political offences and agricultural riots was very small. Most of the men were of working class origin and a majority came from towns; most of the women were domestic servants; this seems to be true for Irish convicts (thirty-forty percent of the total) as well as convicts from the United Kingdom. All the available evidence—the criminal returns of the House of Commons, the Indents of the convict ships which after 1826 showed previous convictions, and the informed opinion of observers like Colquhoun, Engels, Mayhew—confirms that the convicts in the main were not casual criminals but members of the criminal class.

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

V. L. Borin, writing in *New Country*, December, 1956, argues that Polish developments in 1956 were correct anti-Communist tactics in that the national revolution kept within the bounds of the politically possible and only the first step to freedom was taken; whereas in Hungary the revolutionary forces pushed Imre Nagy into trying to complete the revolution and into behaving as if

Communist power in Moscow had now ceased. In renouncing the military pact with Moscow the Hungarian nationalists brought on their destruction at a time when the U.S. was certain to remain inactive because of the presidential election and the British and French had decided to exploit Moscow's difficulties in Hungary for the recapture of the Suez Canal. Borin blames the Council for Free Europe and Radio Free Europe for failing to give the Hungarians any guidance: 'for seven years they played with the word revolution without ever taking the trouble to understand what it means'.

AUSTRALIAN TRADE UNIONISM

In an article in *The Australian Quarterly*, Vol. xxviii, No. 3, called 'Strikes and Australia's Industrialization' a visiting American, Professor James W. Kuhn, finds that a difference between Australian and American unionism is that in the United States there is effective local organization at the shop level resulting in a great deal of immediate on-the-spot grievance handling and bargaining and a relative absence of short stoppages; whereas of Australia he says: 'The general picture of labour relations in Australian factories is one in which there are seldom any regular union or other procedures through which workers can participate in local, day-to-day negotiation with their employer or managers. The workers have few means of registering their dissatisfaction except by taking overt action. Only when their protests are dramatized through the walkout can they gain attention. As a result there is a constant and widespread exacerbation of industrial relations at the lowest level which not only wastefully interrupts production, but also increases worker suspicion of any technological change and builds a solid wall of misunderstanding between the workers and management'.

Lloyd Ross also examines Australian unionism in an article in *Social Survey*, Vol. v, No. 8, 1956, 'The New Trade Unionism'. He sees new factors changing the traditional approach. Amongst these are disillusionment with nationalization, as a way of solving the problems of the labour movement; the need to abandon the irresponsible class-war approach of older unionism in favour of accepting the fact that unions have a responsibility to the community in a political democracy; the need for a new approach to problems of production as the basis of further gains; the fact of increasing apathy amongst members with regard to their unions. He mentions joint consultation, the productivity wage, and the appeal court system as examples of a possible new approach.

LOUIS BECKE

H. E. Maude in *The Pacific Islands Monthly*, October, 1956, comments on the life and writings of Louis Becke, interest in whom has been revived by the republication by Angus and Robertson of *By Reef and Palm*. The biographical introduction by the Earl of Pembroke in that volume is an unintentional fraud on the part of the Earl—he accepted and recorded Becke's false account of himself. In his day he was more popular with the Australian and New Zealand reading public than R. L. Stevenson, though ignored or condemned by most literary critics. Maude thinks that both sides were wrong. Becke is not a great author, but he is 'a natural storyteller who returned to civilization after nearly a quarter of a century of adventurous island life stocked with an inexhaustible supply of reminiscences, personal and hearsay, and authentic local colour. This he proceeded to reproduce in that peculiarly condensed, simple and direct form upon which *The Bulletin* insisted'.

BRIAN FITZPATRICK:
The Australian Commonwealth
Cheshire, Melbourne.

The title needs some such added words as 'according to the viewpoint of the United Front'.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is a publicist who has often been accused of being a Communist and who has as often denied it. But it would be difficult for him to deny the evidence of the singleness of mind which seems to have always operated between the Communists and himself. Many instances are particularly to be found, apart from the class-war nature of his 'civil liberties' operations, in his writings, both as to the moments of their generation and the nature of their texts.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's rise to notoriety as an Australian historian began just before World War II at a juncture at which the Communist Party was in process of organizing its Marxist School for the training of its members and needed an Australian historical text book. By a curious coincidence at that very time, Mr. Fitzpatrick was moved to launch a work called *British Imperialism in Australia*, titled with a Leninist *cliché* and just the thing the doctor (I am not referring to Dr. Evatt, who wrote the introduction) ordered for the party's purposes. Indeed, the book so exactly fitted the party's requirement that Mr. Fitzpatrick has ever since enjoyed the doubtful honour of being the only Australian writer, who is not admittedly a Communist, whose name is considered suitable to appear side by side with those of Lenin, Stalin and Sharkey in the syllabus of the Communist official training schools.

This latest essay of Mr. Fitzpatrick's in historical scholarship runs true to his normal form. Cloaked under an appearance of authority vouched for by voluminous notes and source references, he has delivered himself of what is really an adroit pamphlet which conforms to the line of the Party Politbureau when it is engaged in its part-time duty of building the United Front with the ALP. The line appears to be that anything which exists in the Australian scene which conflicts with Communist or Hobart Conference thinking is vile, and particularly vile are those who have set out to thwart the Communists.

For politicians outside the Leftist Labour fold the author expresses a uniform contempt, and sometimes loathing. His 'realities' are the shams, shibboleths, bogys and phantoms of extreme Leftist propaganda; his 'truths' about his enemies or about the judgments passed on Communist action and nature run exactly parallel with those of the Communist line, as do his narratives of events in which either Communists or their enemies were involved. And his view of the Australian people and of its nature and modes of existence and thought might well have been paraphrased from the pages of the *Communist Review* when engaged in conciliation of the masses or of the parlour pinks of the ALP. The Australian in the mass is all right save for the fact that his sunny and delightful nature and natural tendency towards mateship has been perverted by contact with the odious imperialists. Those who prevent him from following his native Leftism, which, it would appear, is part of the inborn nature of unspoilt humanity, are all contemptible, and Mr. Fitzpatrick cannot take a fleeting glimpse at them without either a shudder or a jeer; for Mr. Fitzpatrick never fails to notice some feature about any person he does not love which must bring him into derision with decent human beings.

Sir Joseph Cook, for instance, exists for him as a figure of unfriendly mirth who wore a 'torpedo beard'. Mr. Andrew Fisher is etched in acid in Mr. Fitzpatrick's recollection as the head of a ministry which 'in more than three years in 1910-1913 did a remarkable amount of work, instituting a Navy and compulsory military service, prosecuting thousands of the 27,749 boys and youths who were proceeded against for refusing to heed the compulsory provisions of the Defence Act, providing maternity allowances in respect of new-born recruits'. The Cook Ministry of June 1913-1914 was primarily memorable for little, except 'its maintenance of Labour policy of sending recalcitrant anti-militarists to jail'. Mr. Hughes, it seems to our author, beyond doubt 'did more than another (*sic*) to distort and destroy emerging and accepted patterns and standards of conduct in Australian public affairs'. Those standards, presumably were those in course of propagation by Mr. J. S. Garden and other pilgrim fathers of the Communist Party during the Hughes regime, since these were the only novelties which developed in industrial politics and politico-social life during the Hughes period.

However, though it is somewhat difficult to believe, there seems to have been worse to come after Mr. Hughes, for Mr. Hughes's 'assistant and supplanter', S. M. Bruce, alas, was 'the first and last Australian Prime Minister to make a practice of wearing spats'—he wasn't—and 'the principal features of his long incumbency were the enactment of anti-union statutes and other repressive measures'.

This dastardly 'imperialist' while in the Prime Ministership committed the dreadful crime of having 'sold or squandered the Commonwealth (Shipping) Line' and when he at last disappeared he had 'made out of the Arbitration Court a hanging assize rather than a medium for settlement of disputes (but having stood aside in 1929 while the coalowners defied the quiescent judges); bullets having taken the place of conciliation on the Melbourne wharves in 1928 and N.S.W. northern coalfields in 1929 . . .'

This malign and untruthful version is, of course, direct out of Communist legend and might just as easily have been written by Comrade Sharkey as by Brian Fitzpatrick.

It is sad to discover that in the latter's political view the disappearance of Mr. Bruce worked no improvement in the Government of the country, for his actions left Mr. Scullin paralyzed. Mr. Lyons also seems to have been a peculiarly bad case, *inter alia*, he was a Catholic, a religion which invariably moves Mr. Fitzpatrick when he comes across it to a covert sneer. Mr. Lyons was a low fellow who 'stiffened the repressive sections of the Crimes Act' to be used against the Communists and Mr. Menzies persecuted the virtuous and patriotic wharflabourers who, spurred to good deeds by their Communist leaders, protested against the sending of pig iron to Japan, which pig iron later 'rained down' on the patriots' heads. It is obvious that the author has never come across the veracious evidence which the Communist Party solemnly adduced at the time that the pig iron which came back was the actual pig iron that went away, the return supplies converted into high explosive shells having been found to bear the imprint 'made by B.H.P.' or something of the sort!

It is, indeed, a relief to follow our author into a blaze of pure white light which appeared on the horizon, produced by the torches, or bonfires, of Messrs. Chifley and Evatt, two good and upright men, foreseeing, constructive and possessed of enterprise and virtue, though it is sad to realize that delusion and deception could lead the matey Australians to part

with them for a return to mass repression, the drowning of civil liberties and an era which might well be described, after reading this new description of it, as the Age of the Security Service.

He sees the Lowe Royal Commission as something that imprinted 'on the public consciousness realization that the old easy-going days were gone, and that now, far from accepting any brother's-keeper obligation in terms of the bush and union doctrine of a mate's-a-mate, the prudent citizen would do well to keep himself, and his views on public affairs, *to* himself'. His summary of the findings of Mr. Justice Lowe are naively incomplete and give a very false impression of the over-all nature of the Lowe report. Mr. Fitzpatrick quotes Mr. Justice Lowe as reporting that there was 'no evidence to show control (of the Communist Party) from abroad'; whereas what he did report was that up to 1943 the ACP was the Australian section of the Third International; that since then there was no evidence of control from abroad but that generally the policy of the ACP was in harmony with that of the CP elsewhere. Fitzpatrick quotes the Judge's finding that no evidence had been adduced to show that the party received funds from abroad, but he apparently has never heard of the evidence before the Petrov Commission which proved the transmission of funds to Sharkey through the Soviety Embassy. Indeed, as with his descriptions of the Lowe Commission and of the Australia First incident, the versions of Mr. Fitzpatrick misrepresent the salient facts. His malice in respect of the Security Service, the Owen Commission, and all those who took measures to curb Communist activity and who used 'a characteristic method of waging cold war on persons suspected of friendly attitudes towards the Soviet Union, Australia's ally' is unrestrained. His account of the Petrov Commission is marked throughout with spleen and inaccuracy and his summary is typical: 'In sum, the Royal Commission on Espionage, at a cost to the nation of £140,000—more conservatively one thousand one hundred and twenty men's suits or three thousand five hundred pairs of men's shoes, in terms in which the Commissioners had reckoned the cost of Petrov's sacrifice—was satisfied it had uncovered one retired spy for Russia, and one more Embassy which employed persons to try to obtain information about the host country (in this instance, with a quite staggering lack of success). The findings were without weight and were quickly dismissed by the Government's best friends'.

And, of course, Dr. Evatt and Mr. G. F. Hill, the Communist counsel, and their friends and associates, were completely right in all their charges.

Any man who sets himself up as a scholar and historian and serves up this partisan nonsense, accepted by nobody but Communists and their congeners, and sometimes largely disprovable by a reference to the author's admitted sources can scarcely expect to be taken seriously in respect of his summaries of trends or as to his conclusions.

M. H. Ellis

COLIN SIMPSON:
The Country Upstairs
Angus & Robertson, Sydney.

In his chapter on Kyoto Colin Simpson tells how he made a tape recording of a guide's commentary and later transcribed the five reels that had been filled. He remarks that this is an expensive way of working but he doesn't know of any cheap and easy way of getting documentary authenticity into a book. Quite clearly it would not have been possible to follow this procedure with some of the other guides and still less with most of the other Japanese he meets. Nevertheless

The most discussed magazine in Britain

IN THE last three years **Encounter** has built up a reputation for itself as one of the most stimulating reviews in the English language. Edited in London by Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol, it numbers among its contributors such distinguished writers as Aldous Huxley, Isaiah Berlin, W. H. Auden, Lionel Trilling, Edmund Wilson, Arthur Koestler, Cyril Connolly, Angus Wilson, A. J. Ayer, Bertrand Russell and William Faulkner.

In addition to world affairs, **Encounter** publishes regular articles on travel, literature and the arts. The work of many outstanding young writers has first appeared in its pages. Each issue contains some 60,000 words of text and is remarkable value. **Encounter** is humming with ideas and you are not expected to agree with all of them. But time and again you will find that your own problems, the problems of the Far East, are illuminated by articles in **Encounter**. For instance, recent issues have contained "In Search of Asian History" by Dwight Macdonald, and "The Indian Alternative" by John Strachey. Other recent articles have covered such wide-ranging topics as Personality Tests in Industry, The Polish "Earthquake", The American Voter, Why Russia is Strong, The Dead Sea Scrolls; while, on the literary side, there have been appreciations of Walter de la Mare, Ezra Pound and James Joyce. There is only one certain way of seeing **Encounter** regularly—by subscription. Place your subscription today either with your bookseller or direct with—

AUSTRALIAN COMMITTEE FOR
CULTURAL FREEDOM
G.P.O. Box 4714, Sydney

Annual Subscription, £2/7/6, post free

the authenticity is there on every page, to such an extent that *The Country Upstairs* has the movement and life of a good documentary film. There were times when I found myself at Colin Simpson's elbow as he moved about places that I knew, tempted occasionally to tug at his sleeve and remind him that there was something he must be sure not to miss; but he was already round the corner heading in just that very direction. Mr. Simpson has the right kind of inquiring mind to get the most out of this kind of trip and a commensurate ability to interest the reader in everything from the mechanics of hailing a taxi to the intricate protocol of the tea ceremony.

Admittedly Japan has more than the usual share of intriguing and exotic features, but there was another side to Simpson's problem. He admits to misgivings as his plane headed toward Tokyo. Would Australia want to read about Japan? Was it possible to understand the mind behind the label 'Peace' on the tin of Japanese cigarettes, and would understanding bring about any change of feeling toward the former enemy? In approaching these questions Colin Simpson has resisted the temptation to dissect the Japanese and explain in abstract terms their cultural and sociological patterns. He has chosen instead to deal with actual people who are presented just as he met them. I liked this method of having the Japanese themselves talk away quite naturally to the author as he takes us round their cities, into their theatres, restaurants and bars and even briefly into that most impenetrable of all castles, the average Japanese home.

Some of Japan's problems are discussed on the way. We are told briefly what the Occupation tried to do; there are some solid facts and figures on the population problem; we see the workings of the educational system; the impact of war and defeat on the ordinary man and woman is traced in some detail. There is also a whole chapter on Hiroshima and the Japanese attitudes to the atomic bombing of what was essentially a civilian city.

What appeals to the stay-at-home reader is the Simpson willingness to try anything and his ability to make one want to try it with him. The experiment is always satisfying even if the results are not what was expected. Colin Simpson is one tourist who consistently enjoyed himself. Part of the secret of this enjoyment is his feeling for the human element in the exotic. Invariably he senses the fellow behind the alien mask and conveys this insight in one sharp vignette after another. It is a kind of treatment that makes for some odd contrasts at times, and a brief journey into the civilized past is liable to end up in some very earthy flesh market. This is how Japan is, however; except that the markets at their fleshiest are saved from being merely sordid by some oddly Japanese twist.

The photographic illustrations in colour are frequently superb.

A. B. Jamieson

LOBSANG RAMPA:
The Third Eye
Secker & Warburg, London.

The author is a Tibetan who claims to be a monk who studied medicine at Chungking and subsequently survived both Japanese and Communist capture and maltreatment. His book purports to be an account of his training and initiation in the most esoteric aspects of Tibetan spiritual tradition. He recounts many marvels and claims many supernormal powers for himself and other adepts.

There is no way of checking his story, so that one judges it on one's prior opinion of the validity of eastern esoterism. Read simply as a vivid story, well told, the book is most enjoyable.

J. McA.

ANTHONY SAMPSON:
Drum
Collins, London.

Anthony Sampson is an Englishman who went to South Africa for two years, and ended by staying there for three and a half. He was engaged in 1951 to edit the Capetown periodical *Drum*. This publication was staffed almost entirely by black Africans, and it was intended solely for the black population. Under Sampson's direction, efforts were made to extend the circulation among the so-called 'coloureds', that is, the people of mixed blood.

The paper specialized in crime stories and photographs of pretty girls, but thanks to the heroism of some of his black staff Sampson succeeded in exposing circumstances of brutality at the Johannesburg gaol and circumstances of near slavery on some of the farms of the Transvaal. His work brought him into intimate contact with the black and coloured people of the crowded 'locations' adjacent to the main South African cities. He attended their parties, visited their homes, and was admitted to their drinking dens and similar places seldom seen by any white man not wearing the uniform of the police.

His book is essentially a study of the urbanised black man living in the land of open and avowed 'apartheid'. The policy of 'apartheid' envisages the complete racial, social and residential separation of the black and coloured people from the white people of South Africa. This aim is, of course, far from being achieved; but the restrictions already imposed upon non-whites, including the Malay and Indian sections, are apparent on every page of Anthony Sampson's book. Most doors are closed to the non-whites, their movement is greatly restricted, they have no voice in public affairs, and they are, to put it bluntly, despised, feared and excluded by all but a handful of the white people of South Africa.

The situation has gained a world-wide notoriety, and Sampson's book largely endorses the popular view that everything which happens in South Africa is reprehensible and deplorable. His book has all the hallmarks of first-class reportage, and the reader cannot but feel that every word of it is precisely true. Whether the book tells the whole truth is a question I shall raise in a moment.

Sampson sympathises with the black people, but he does not let his affection blind him to their failings. He gives many instances of their extreme violence, their barbaric superstition, their dismaying ignorance, and even their lack of courage and solidarity. Yet he wins our sympathy for his black friends, describing them so faithfully that they become real people for us, individuals whom we understand and remember. Even the dangerous 'tsotsis' (the young black bodgies and hoodlums) have something engaging about them in spite of their criminality. The reader is soon caught up, following with breathless interest the sufferings and successes of Anthony Sampson's friends, always in the shadow of the white masters, who are divided as sharply as you could wish into two types, the 'Goodies' and the 'Baddies'. This is a book which is as readable as any novel.

Unfortunately *Drum* contributes little to an understanding of the true complexity of the South African situation. This complexity is so great that it calls for something much more than Anthony Sampson's journalism. The situation in South Africa in some ways parallels the Industrial Revolution in England. As the peasants left their villages, so the black men leave their kraals. The great mines and the growing secondary industries call for more non-white labour every day, and the attendant social convulsion is a formidable one. It is complicated by the fact that the Boers, by and large,

are an unsophisticated and peculiarly stubborn people. The larger industrial concerns tend to be dominated b English-speaking South Africans, whereas the Boers ('Boer' is the Afrikaans word for a farmer) have deep roots in rural areas, and their Nationalist Party is rather similar to our Australian Country Party, conservative and impetuous, crudely patriotic, unwilling to look beyond its own sectional interest. 'Apartheid', which is not without its own logic, and in which the Boers have persuaded themselves there is nothing inhumane or un-Christian, is welcomed by many people who are afraid of black competition. No serious opposition is expressed by the English-speaking section, which for the most part inwardly sympathises with a policy to maintain the colour bar and perpetuate their own privilege. The white people are much divided, but their divisions are as nothing to those of the non-whites. The policy of 'apartheid', however, is gradually driving all the non-whites into one camp.

One of the facts which give world importance to the South African situation is that all the issues which divide humanity are fully exposed in that country—they stand forth blatant and bare—huge wealth side by side with ragged poverty, high civilization cheek by jowl with primitive barbarity, and linguistic and racial groups at odds because of their skin colour. Difference of culture-level are basic, and very real. Communism is not powerful, despite the outcries of some of the Nationalist leaders, nor is the Nationalist government a fascist government, in spite of its many authoritarian acts and the undoubted extremism of some of its leaders.

Sampson does not try to examine the whole situation, and he does not suggest that there is any hope of a solution. He describes what he saw, and for what it is worth he does this well. He will shock the sensibilities of English and American and Australian readers, but will cut no ice with the white people of South Africa. Nothing angers the Boers so much as a one-sided approach to difficulties of which they are deeply aware. They are devoutly anxious to behave in a righteous manner, and for that reason they much resented the absoluteness of the celebrated Father Huddleston, who did his utmost to show them up, to shame them, and to force them to a change of heart. They are not to be forced, for they believe that their attitude to the non-whites is soundly based in experience, and also in religion. They love the very soil of South Africa, and they have a better right to it than many of the Bantu peoples. none of whom lived within three hundred miles of the Cape when the first white settlers came. In defence of their stern domination of the non-whites they point with justice to all that the whites have given them. Economic motives have predominated over more lofty ones, but nobody can deny that the white man has put an end to the carnage of inter-tribal war, has combated and reduced the grotesque fetishism and witchcraft of the past, has introduced orderly schooling and a fairly extensive health service, and in no small measure has widened the black man's horizons and increased his material well-being.

Sampson, like Huddleston, has left the problem behind him. He has no stake in South Africa, and his book will serve only to raise emotional temperatures in the place where there is already too much emotion, the place where it most matters. The impracticability of 'apartheid', the demonstrably unscientific aspects of South African racialism—it is of these things that the required cold douche should be compounded. The Boers will not be pushed, but they are a forthright serious-minded conscientious people. If they are mistaken and behind the times, as I am sure

they are, they will not change their minds because every Tom, Dick and Harry tells them they are brutes and fools, which they are not. Anthony Sampson's book, because of its partiality and incompleteness, and in view of the gravity of the circumstances, is in many respects a work of irresponsible frivolity.

John Thompson

D. E. CHARLWOOD:
No Moon Tonight
Angus & Robertson, Sydney.

This is a good memoir. What is more unusual, it is a good Australian memoir—except for Deakin's *The Federal Story*, it is difficult to name another. It is also one of the best personal accounts of aerial warfare yet published. One can compare it only with Cecil Lewis's classic *Sagittarius Rising*; it is better than Hillary's *The Last Enemy* or Saint-Exupéry's *Flight to Arras*.

Mr. Charlwood is now an air traffic controller in the Department of Civil Aviation. During the war he was navigator of a mixed R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. Lancaster crew which flew against Germany through the grim winter of 1942-43 from Elsham Wolds, a Bomber Command airfield in Lincolnshire. With the rest of his crew he achieved the feat, then rare, of surviving a tour of thirty operations. *No Moon Tonight* is an account of that tour, on the ground and in the air, and its effects on Mr. Charlwood and his friends, some of the 'Twenty Men' with whom he had trained in Canada. Of the Twenty, eighteen went to Bomber Command; of these, five survived.

The book is authentic. There is not a false note—no mock heroics, no flippant Air Force understatement, no factitious relief from the cold strain and awful beauty of night operations. It is a story of the control of mortal fear and of the deaths of friends.

Those who shared Mr. Charlwood's service will see again the ominous black shape of the Lancaster standing at dispersal points amid corn stooks, hedgerows and Doomsday villages. Encumbered with flying clothing, they will scramble into the aircraft, peer along the dark tunnel of the fuselage, and smell hydraulic fluid and Glycol. Their stomachs will contract as the port outer starts with the guttural cough peculiar to Merlin engines. The tension will rise as the aircraft turns onto the flarepath and lumbers off into the dusk, heavily laden with bombs, petrol and terrified airmen. Several hours of fear and frantic activity will follow, rising to a crescendo over the unbelievable flack of a burning German city. Then home across Europe and the North Sea to England, to unwind in the squalid light of a winter's dawn. After a sleep of exhaustion, they will wake to the incongruous sanity of bathing and shaving and eating. They will numbly receive the news of friends who failed to return with them from last night's raid. They will go to prepare for tonight's operation.

Apart from the fighting, Australians will remember gazing incredulously for the first time, as though through the eyes of homesick forefathers, on the English landscape, a nursery legend and remotely their birthright. The book explains why most Australians resisted attempts to post them home to Australia before the European war had finished:

'It was not for some time that I saw clearly the factors that went to make up our strange rebellion. Perhaps the greatest was our attachment to England—her countryside, her capital, her pubs, her way of life and, more than all of these, her Air Force. We who had once laughed at the handle-bar moustache and the exaggerated speech had found the life of which these things were the symbols. And that life had become our life. This had happened without weakening our attachment to our own country. It was something added

to us and, as we were living in the midst of it, we were loth to leave it.'

So much is right with the book that any reviewer would be tempted to omit mention of its minor faults. The worst of these is a cryptic account of a love affair : Mr. Charlwood has said either too much about it or too little.

On the page before the title page, some fool of a publisher's clerk has inserted a blurb which assures prospective readers that the book is 'happily enough, not a bit depressing.' Anyone capable of saying this would probably say the same of *Hamlet* or *The Book of Job*.

George Baker

E. W. TITTERTON:
Facing the Atomic Future
MacMillan, London.

Many people at present have misgivings about the alleged benefits of the atomic age. These misgivings arise partly from the uneasy peace due to the stalemate in the atomic arms race and partly from fears of genetic injury to the human race from the increasing amounts of radioactive material being used in industry and medicine and from the radioactive fall-out from nuclear weapon tests. These fears are for the most part groundless. On the other hand the public has very little background information in this new realm of knowledge and these fears are often played upon by ignorant comment and spectacular news-handling in the popular press.

On this half-gloom Professor Titterton sheds a good deal of light and I hope his book ushers in a saner approach to the problems of adapting ourselves to the impact of atomic energy. The book is a thoroughly good guide for the intelligent layman and covers all aspects of the subject —the peaceful uses, war uses and the political problems which atomic energy has brought in its train.

More than half of the book is devoted to the peaceful uses. This is a good thing because so many people lose sight of this aspect of atomic energy with nerve-shattering weapons continually popping off in the background. It is apparently far less newsworthy that many lives are being saved annually in Australia through the quiet use of radioactive tracers than that one nuclear weapon eventually behaves according to plan at Maralinga. Yet if the present stalemate continues the main impact of atomic energy on our lives over the next few years will come from the possibilities of unconventional power generation and from the use of tracers in many different scientific, medical and agricultural researches. This impact, when it comes, will be a big one.

In a democracy it is vitally important that the public be informed. For example, new legal problems will arise as they did in the first industrial revolution or following the development of the horseless carriage and some laws will have to be introduced relating to the use of radioactive materials. The better informed the public the saner the laws are likely to be.

This is a book everybody should read. It is up to date, timely and complete. It is well illustrated and pleasantly produced. One intriguing chapter deals with 'the economics of slaughter' : the cost of killing by nuclear weapons is worked out to be roughly £2 per head, many hundreds of times cheaper than with high explosives!

Not all will agree with the professor's political summary—but this is inevitable; to be of any use whatever this section must be written from a consistent point of view and it all depends on whether you agree with the point of view. His comment is often thought-provoking and always fair.

This is by far the best book yet on the subject and I hope it becomes a best seller.

E. P. George

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Stewart	well-known Australian poet whose most recent volume is *Birdsville Track* (Angus & Robertson 1955).
Richard Parkes	is the pen name of a student of industrial affairs.
Salamon Dembitzer	a German author now in Australia has published with Villon Press *Drama in Ostend, Visas for America, Adventure in Prague.*
Walter James	has written much about Australian wines, his latest publication being *The Gadding Vine* (Georgian House 1955).
J. H. Wootten	has taught law as well as practiced it.
A. E. de Jasay	Hungarian born economist, a graduate of the University of Western Australia, is now at Oxford.
Noel Monkman	has combined scientific interests with remarkable work as a cameraman, as shown in films and in *Escape to Adventure* (Angus & Robertson 1956).
John Greenway	from the University of Denver has been studying folksong in Australia.
C. Hartley Grattan	is a U.S. writer well known here for his publications about Australia including *Introducing Australia* (Angus & Robertson rev. ed. 1947).
Harry Roskolenko	renewed his war-time contacts with Australia recently at the end of a ride through Asia on a Vespa tricycle.
Rabbi R. Brasch	has published *Star of David* (Angus & Robertson 1955).
Harold Stewart	published *Orpheus* (Angus & Robertson) in 1956.
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn	is an Austrian political philosopher who was widely noticed for his *Liberty or Equality* (Hollis & Carter 1952). He has also written novels with a strong political and philosophical interest such as *Black Banners* (Hand & Flower 1952).
May Sumser-Ali	has had verse broadcast by the BBC but has not appeared before in print in Australia.
L. Hirschfeld-Mack	now teaches Art at Geelong Grammar School.

Reports of Conferences convened by the Congress for Cultural Freedom

SCIENCE AND FREEDOM

The Hamburg Conference of 1953 included a discussion of the social and moral obligations of the scientist and the freedom of science in the West. "One of the greatest concentrations of leading thinkers in the natural sciences ever to meet under one roof."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Published by Secker & Warburg, London. 26s. net

CULTURAL FREEDOM IN ASIA

At the Rangoon Conference of 1955 forty distinguished Asians discussed the problems cultural, economic and political, of the Asian people since the Second World War. This Report is a contribution of prime importance to Far Eastern affairs.

Published by Charles E. Tuttle Company, Tokyo

THE SOVIET ECONOMY

The first of a series of booklets arising out of the Milan Conference of 1955 on "The Future of Freedom". Contributors include Raymond Aron, Colin Clark, Bertrand de Jouvenel, Edward Shils, Peter Wiles and Bertram D. Wolfe.

Published by Secker & Warburg, London. 6s. 3d. net

Annual subscription 16s., one copy 4s.
Subscriptions may be addressed to:
Quadrant, Box 4714,
Sydney, N.S.W.

Published at 2 Albert Street, Sydney, by H. R. Krygier on behalf of the Australian Committee for Cultural Freedom